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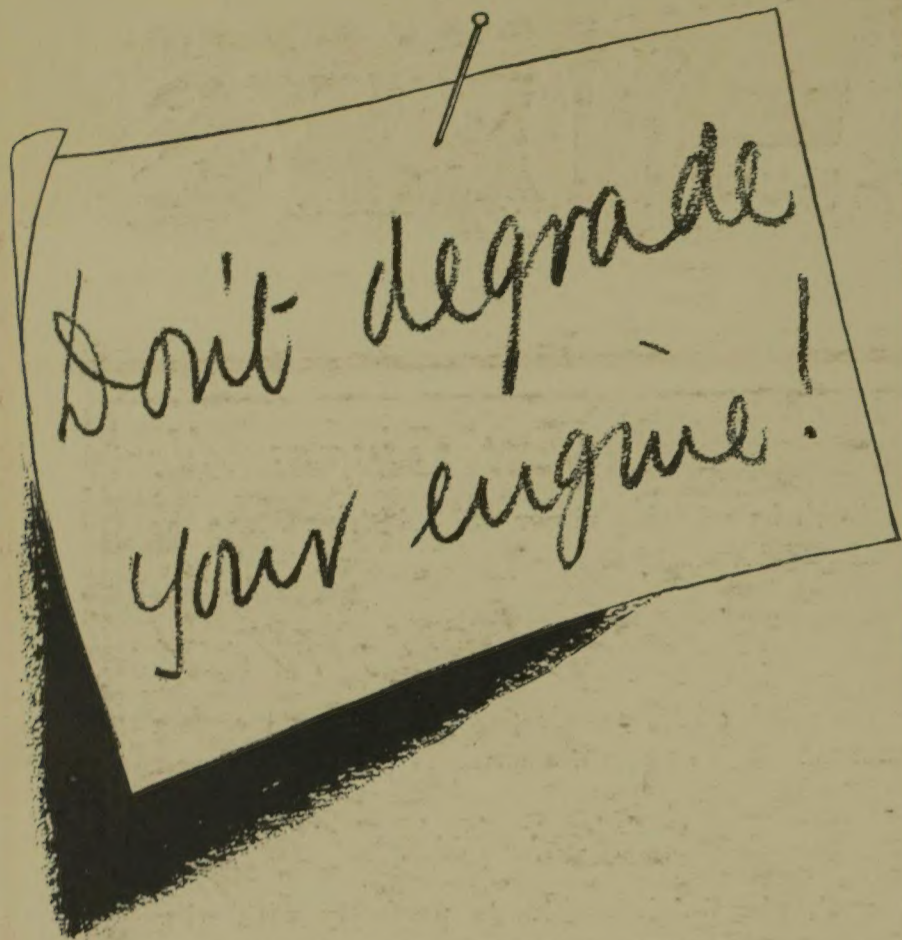
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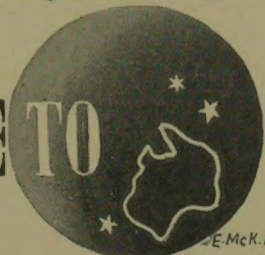


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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1938.



DESECRATED GODS OF CHINA: JAPANESE SOLDIERS QUARTERED IN A SHANSI SHRINE—A SACRILEGE WITH MANY PARALLELS IN THE HISTORY OF CHINA, WHICH HAS SURVIVED NUMBERS OF INVASIONS.

The gods of China have seen many such scenes as this. Wave after wave of invaders has swept over the provinces, even the whole country, only to be absorbed by Chinese civilisation. What is more novel than the invasion and the devastation and the massacres is the fact that something like a united Chinese nation seems to be emerging from its sufferings. (*Wide World.*)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FOR a long while past now I have taken little pleasure in writing. I do not mean in the art of composition, but in the physical exercise of putting pen to paper. I used to take a great deal: what Pepys used to call "a pretty content." For I had a neat writing, and, what made it the more pleasurable to me, I had only achieved it after a good deal of difficulty and trouble. My childhood's hand—my literary portion, as it were, of original sin—was something shocking—a thing of shreds and patches, and still more of blots. Round these last my masters and pastors used to put angry circles and exclamation marks. One of them in particular, I remember, would label these signs of disapproval with the significant word "Pig" scrawled ominously across the top of each page of my school exercise-book. Occasionally, as though to clinch the matter, he would draw one of these animals in the margin. I still possess quite a collection of them among the relics of my infancy. A whole styful, as it were.

So it came about that at the age of seventeen or thereabouts I taught myself to write. And curiously enough, at this second time of asking, I made a very much better job of it than my early teachers, with all their ruled lines, pot-hooks and copy-books, had done. I suppose it was because I was now teaching myself instead of being a mere passive instrument for the teaching of others. I had discovered reasons of my own for wishing to learn, and no longer had to take other people's reasons for engaging in a wearisome occupation on faith. And instead of finding the occupation wearisome, I found it delightful and satisfying. I grew to love forming words and putting pen to paper. I used to gaze at my handiwork after it was done and see that it was good. It was not so much what I wrote as the way I wrote it. I liked to look at a page when I had completed it. It seemed to my vain and presumptuous eyes that I had bettered its virgin whiteness with my hieroglyphics. For the first time in my life I enjoyed the pleasurable sensations—"delusions" would, perhaps, be a better word—of an artist. I even took to writing poetry, of which it is sufficient to say that there are, at any rate, some worse ways for a young man of passing his time. But, so far as my poetry was concerned, when one has said that, one has said all. However, as no one but I ever read it, no great harm was done.

For many years after this, writing continued to be a pleasure to me. I liked writing letters and even addressing envelopes, and not finding sufficient scope for the exercise in correspondence of my own, spent much of my time, with great pleasure to myself, in copying other people's letters. Indeed, in the course

of six or seven years, I transcribed, as a regular evening's recreation, several thousand seventeenth-century letters, and acquired quite a considerable knowledge of that age as a result of doing so. And when, for the purpose of making carbon copies of the documents I transcribed, I took to a typewriter, so much was my enjoyment of my hobby dependent on the purely physical and æsthetic sensation of writing that my zest for my evening's task appreciably diminished. Human nature requires a great deal of explaining.

But for the past seven or eight years I have had to do too much writing to be able any longer to regard it as a form of recreation. What was once a source of delight has become a necessary duty, and therefore something of a burden. For hours every day it is my lot to sit, huddled in an arm-chair or perched on the edge of a garden seat or crowded between fellow-citizens in some dusty railway carriage, with a pad of

reversion to the barbarous blots and smudges of my childhood.

But two days ago—a just punishment—I fell downstairs and dislocated the wrist and fingers of my right and writing hand. I had long suffered from aches and cramps in that hand, but had put off having anything done to it. Now there was such a pain in it that I could not write at all. And for the first time for more days than I can count, that long-suffering member, encased in bandages, enjoyed a complete rest.

Unfortunately—or fortunately, as it turned out—the accident occurred at a time when a complete cessation of work for several weeks was out of the question. There was writing that had to be done, and some of it urgent. And since the writer—for some reason that possibly a psychologist might be able to explain, but he cannot—is incapable of dictating any coherent prose except the simplest business letter, the work had to be done with the left hand. For it, at any rate, a wonderful promotion followed. Clumsily clutching a pencil—as strange an object to it as a rifle to a monkey—and faced by a sheet of blank paper, it found itself called upon to trace the semblance of letters. It began its unwonted labours in a railway train on the way to the bone-setter. A drunken Sanscrit scholar—if such an improbable conjunction can be conceived—could not have produced a sheet so strange in appearance to an English eye. What appeared on the paper seemed to have scarcely any relation to what was intended to appear. As for reading it afterwards, that was out of the question. Yet there was no denying that there was a certain satisfaction in the doing of it. It was like exploring an unfamiliar road or discovering a new kind of experience. Every letter formed was a minor triumph,

every word completed a surprise. It was, as Dr. Johnson remarked of a woman making a speech, like a dog standing on its hind-legs: it was not well done, but one was astonished to see it done at all. For one had recaptured momentarily something of the freshness of youth. The hardly-formed letters spelled a kind of charter of independence—of freedom from the bonds of mechanical labour. One had to work far harder, of course, to achieve a far smaller result, but there was as much joy in the doing it as there was in one's first walk across the nursery floor. It seems a pity, therefore, that one cannot communicate it to one's readers. But that, I fear, would only be possible if each of them were just mastering for the first time the letters of the alphabet, and, for some

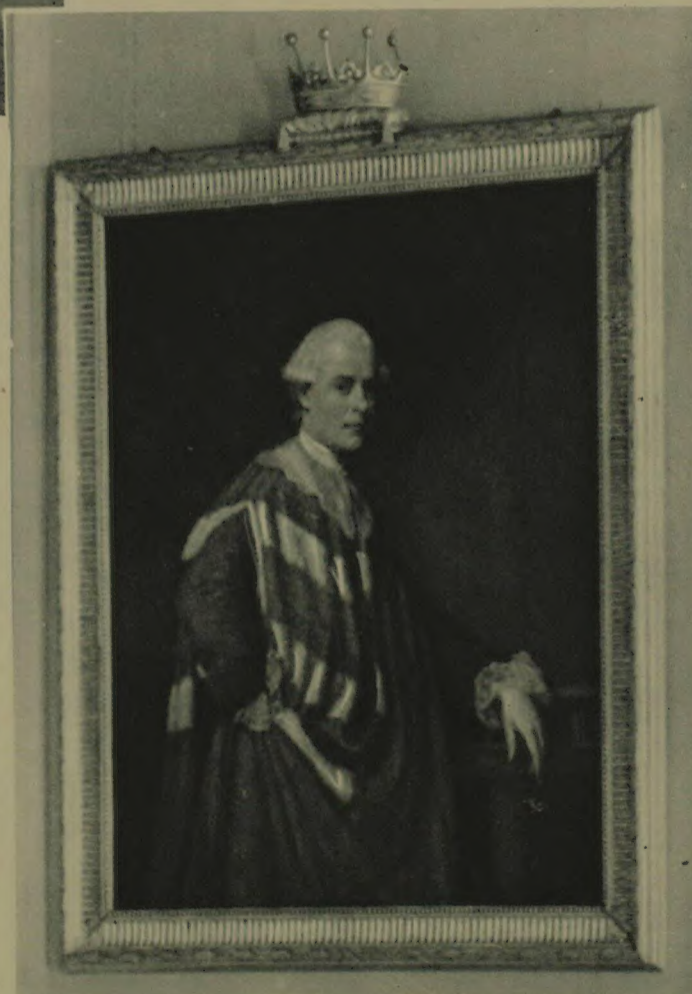
unfathomable reason, thought it worth while to devote a laborious, and therefore happy, day to spelling out the words of this trivial page of personal confession.



A PICTURE THEFT FROM EARL WINTERTON'S HOUSE IN SUSSEX: THE DINING-ROOM AT SHILLINGLEE PARK, SHOWING THE STOLEN PAINTING (TO RIGHT OF DOOR) AS IT HUNG THERE BEFORE THE BURGLARY.

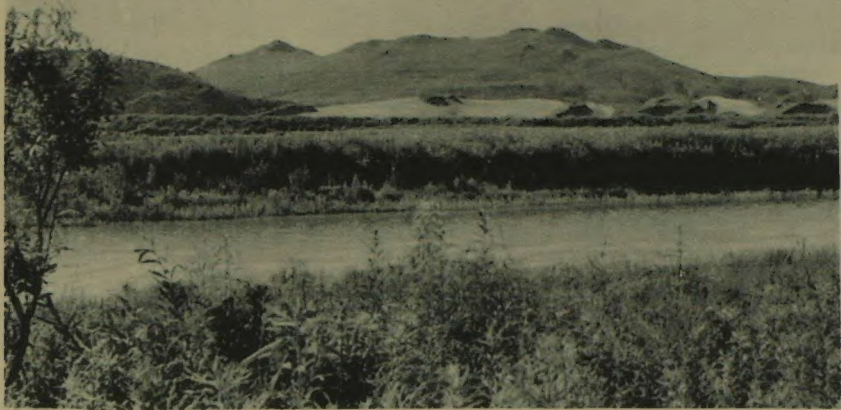
Earl Winterton's house in Sussex, Shillinglee Park, near Horsham, was the scene of a burglary between August 9 and 11. One of three portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds—that of the first Earl Winterton, which was painted in 1764—was taken from its frame and carried off, besides other articles, including old snuff-boxes and three gold keys presented to the present Earl when he performed opening ceremonies. The stolen portrait, which hung in the dining-room, is reported to have been insured for £1000. A companion Reynolds portrait of the first Countess Winterton, said to be more valuable, was not taken. At the time of the burglary Lord and Lady Winterton were away at Eastbourne, staying with the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Winterton is Conservative M.P. for the Horsham and Worthing Division of Sussex.

paper on my knee and a pencil in my hand. And in that attitude I do not so much write as scribble. Often I do this all day, like the cobbler in "Chu Chin Chow." So far as any joy in the mechanical process of writing was concerned, this kind of thing soon took the gilt off the gingerbread. By the time I had done my allotted portion, I had not the least desire to do any more. No longer did I write careful, leisured, neatly-spaced letters to my friends. Whenever I could I dictated my correspondence. Where I could not, I put it off, and when I could not procrastinate any further, scrawled hastily, briefly and illegibly. It was a sad falling-off—a



THE STOLEN PICTURE: A PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST LORD WINTERTON, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, PAINTED IN 1764.

THE FRONTIER TROUBLES AT CHANGKUFENG.



CHANGKUFENG: THE HILL, BESIDE THE TUMEN RIVER, ON THE MANCHUKUO-SOVIET BORDER, WHICH WAS THE CENTRE OF THE RECENT FIGHTING BETWEEN RUSSIANS AND JAPANESE. (Wide World.)



THE BARREN HEIGHT OVER WHICH IT SEEMED AT ONE TIME RUSSIA AND JAPAN MIGHT GO TO WAR: A CLOSER VIEW OF CHANGKUFENG, WHICH STANDS IN A STRATEGIC POSITION ON THE TUMEN. (Asia Photo.)



THE BORDER INCIDENT AT CHANGKUFENG: MESSENGERS, STATED TO HAVE BEEN DETAINED BY THE RUSSIANS FOR OVER A WEEK AFTER ENTERING THEIR LINES WITH JAPANESE PROPOSALS, RETURN TO THEIR OWN SIDE. (Asia Photo.)

The area round Changkufeng, on the borders of Soviet Russia and Manchukuo, where fighting broke out following a frontier dispute, was illustrated by a pictorial map in our last issue. We have now received the above photographs of the locality and an incident of the dispute. After the world had been disturbed by the prospect of the spread of fighting from this new storm centre, it was announced that an armistice had been agreed upon in the night of August 10-11. It was decided that both sides should occupy the positions they held twelve hours previously, which apparently meant that both sides kept minute portions of the other's territory—some hundreds of yards in a frontier many hundreds of miles long! By such seeming trifles is the peace of the world imperilled!

A PERILOUS ANNIVERSARY AT SHANGHAI.

By great efforts and constant tact and watchfulness on the part of the European authorities, the peace is kept in Shanghai. Trouble threatened on the anniversary of the outbreak of war between China and Japan in July. Carefully arranged precautions prevented what was believed to have been a concerted plot to initiate a day of terror. Within three hours of the trouble starting at 5 a.m., thirteen cases of bomb-throwing and pistol attacks had occurred; but by evening things were quiet again. There were further threats of trouble on August 11, the anniversary of the arrival of the Japanese forces at Shanghai. After three days' tension, which necessitated the mobilisation of all foreign police, volunteers, and garrison forces to counteract threatened terrorist activities, the situation began to return to normal. (Photographs by Associated Press.)



THE JAPANESE AT SHANGHAI CELEBRATE THE OUTBREAK OF WAR WITH CHINA—AN ANNIVERSARY THAT PASSED OFF QUIETLY AFTER A PERIOD OF TENSION: SALUTING THE GRAVES OF WAR DEAD.

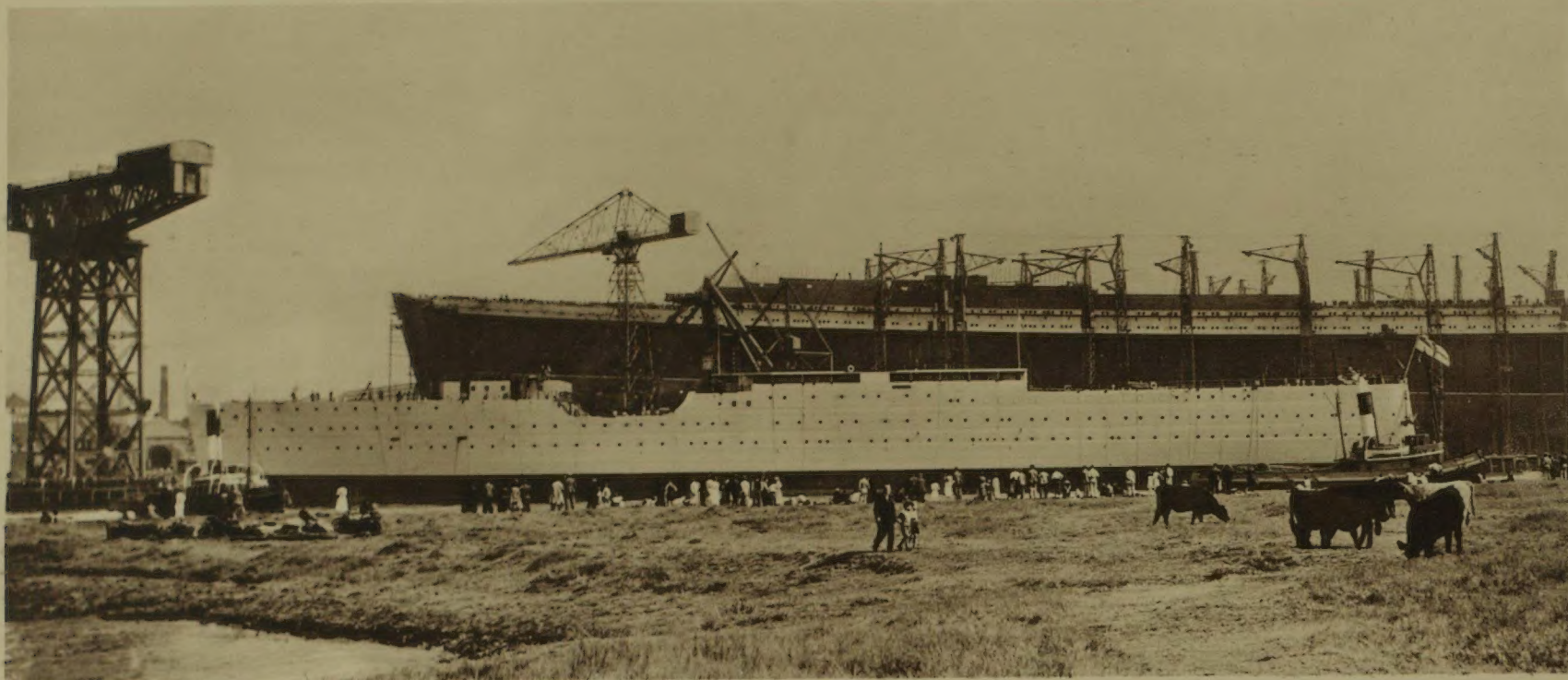


PRECAUTIONS AGAINST TERRORISM AND PROVOCATION AT SHANGHAI: A CHINESE MUNICIPAL POLICEMAN SEARCHING THE BUNDLES OF WOMEN; WATCHED BY A JAPANESE SOLDIER, WHO ENTERED THE INTERNATIONAL AREA UNDER ORDERS.



CHINESE ASSISTANTS TO THE POLICE IN SHANGHAI ENLISTED FOR THE PERILOUS ANNIVERSARY: MEN WEARING BULLET-PROOF WAISTCOATS, AND ACCOUNTED FORMIDABLE OPPONENTS.

TOPICAL EVENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHS: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR.



THE LAUNCH OF THE NAVY'S NEW SUBMARINE DEPÔT SHIP AT CLYDEBANK: THE WHITE-LOOKING HULL OF H.M.S. "FORTH" TAKING THE WATER IN FRONT OF THE DARK MASS FORMED BY THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH," THE NEW CUNARDER, AND COMPANION SHIP OF THE "QUEEN MARY."

The submarine depot ship H.M.S. "Forth" was launched from John Brown and Company's yard, Clydebank, on August 11. She cost approximately £2,000,000 to build. After a short religious service, conducted by the Rev. J. A. Mackay, Lady Rosebery named the vessel and released her. The "Forth," which is to be a floating workshop for submarines, is the biggest Admiralty vessel launched on the Clyde this year. She is of 9000 tons standard displacement, with an overall length of 530 ft. Her armament includes the notable item of eight 4.5-in. guns in twin mountings. She is the fourth ship to bear the name in the Navy. The first two were frigates, built in 1813

and 1833, and the third, built as a cruiser in 1886, was appropriated for duty with submarines in 1904, and served as parent ship of the 3rd Flotilla at Devonport during the war. She was scrapped in 1920. (Central Press.)



NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR THE EXPANDING AIR MINISTRY—IN MAYFAIR: AN ARCHITECT'S IMPRESSION OF THE HUGE NEW BLOCK IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

It was announced the other day that the Air Ministry was to move from its present quarters in Kingsway to Berkeley Square House, the modern office block now being completed in Mayfair. Here it will be possible to provide accommodation for the staff, which has outgrown Adastral House as the result of the great air expansion programme. Practically the whole of Berkeley Square House will be taken over. The new arrangement will afford an opportunity for centralising all the Air Ministry's departments under one roof.



A TIME OF TENSION IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: SUDETEN GERMANS AT THE FUNERAL OF HERR BAERLE, WHO WAS KILLED BY AN AUSTRIAN REFUGEE DURING A BRAWL.

The funeral of Herr Baerle the Sudeten German who was killed in a brawl at an inn in the Bohemian forest by a German Socialist refugee from Austria, took place at Gutwasser on August 11. Although it was made the occasion of something like a party demonstration by Sudeten Germans, there was no disturbance. The funeral oration was delivered by Herr Henlein's deputy, Herr K. H. Frank, and sixteen Sudeten deputies were present. (Wide World.)



A PRAISEWORTHY ATTEMPT TO PRESERVE THE BEAUTIES OF DORSETSHIRE THWARTED BY FIRE: PICTURESQUE OLD SMUGGLERS' COTTAGES AT FLEET, WHICH THE AUTHORITIES WERE PREVAILED UPON TO RECONSTRUCT INSTEAD OF DEMOLISH.

While workmen were putting the finishing touches to reconstruction work on a picturesque row of cottages at Fleet, near Weymouth, one of the thatched roofs caught light, and the fire spread so quickly that all the cottages except two were involved. The village is a centre of interest to



THE RECONSTRUCTED SMUGGLERS' COTTAGES AT FLEET, NEAR WEYMOUTH, DESTROYED BY FIRE, WITH TWO EXCEPTIONS: A DISASTER WHICH RENDERED VAIN EFFORTS MADE ON THEIR BEHALF BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF RURAL ENGLAND, antiquarians and artists from all parts of the world, and the Society for the Preservation of Rural England had persuaded Government authorities to reconstruct these cottages instead of demolishing them. The careful work of preservation has now been thrown away. (Central Press.)

SALVING A "QUEEN BEE" TARGET 'PLANE "STUNG" BY NAVAL GUNFIRE.

"QUEEN BEES" are small seaplanes employed by the Navy as targets for high-angle gun-practice. Catapulted from a warship, with engines running and throttles open, they carry no pilots, but by wireless control can perform almost all the manoeuvres of piloted 'planes. As noted in our issue of June 25, some were used in the Naval Exercises held that month before the King. Their fuel stowage is comparatively small, and they can remain in the air only $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours at the most. After this period—and if they are damaged, or the "mother" ship loses control—an automatic device brings them down. Wireless-controlled aircraft are of paramount importance to naval gunnery. They are ideal air-targets, providing conditions of an actual air attack, and giving the gunners something tangible to fire at. But they are very difficult to hit. Their speed and height, with various tricks played by their controlling officer, give gunlayers and range-takers a knotty problem. More often than not the "Queen Bees" escape. Little concern is felt for the fuselage if they smash themselves up. But their motors and wireless equipment are extremely valuable, and hence their salvage is of singular importance.



A WIRELESS-CONTROLLED PILOTLESS TARGET AEROPLANE, BROUGHT DOWN BY A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELL FROM NAVAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, BEING RECOVERED FROM THE SEA: PREPARING TO HOIST THE DAMAGED MACHINE ON BOARD THE "MOTHER" SHIP.



THE CRIPPLED "QUEEN BEE" BEING DRAINED OF WATER WHICH HAD ENTERED THE FUSELAGE WHILE IT WAS ADRIFT: THE MACHINE—ONE OF THE FLOAT SEAPLANE TYPE—HOISTED UP BY THE TAIL.



SHOWING THE DUMMY PILOT INSIDE THE COCKPIT (VISIBLE ON THE LEFT IN THE LOWER PART OF THE INVERTED AEROPLANE): THE DAMAGED "QUEEN BEE" NOW SAFE ON BOARD THE "MOTHER" SHIP.

THE MISSING LINK NO LONGER MISSING?

A NEW TYPE OF FOSSIL APE VERY NEAR TO MAN: THE KROMDRAAI SKULL (PARANTHROPUS ROBUSTUS) RECENTLY FOUND IN THE TRANSVAAL AND STRENGTHENING AFRICA'S CLAIM TO BE THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE HUMAN RACE.

By DR. ROBERT BROOM, D.Sc., F.R.S., of the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria, South Africa.
(See Illustration on the Opposite Page.)

The outstanding importance of Dr. Broom's latest discovery, here illustrated, is strongly emphasised in his recent letters. Writing on June 18, he said: "Last week I got the finest specimen ever found—a real missing link." Again, on July 29, he wrote: "Herewith is a short account of a wonderful new find. It is the nearest approach to man yet discovered, and I feel sure it will be universally accepted as the 'missing link.' Professor W. K. Gregory, of New York, has carefully examined it, and says that the 'missing link' is now a misnomer—it is no longer missing." Here follows Dr. Broom's description of the new skull.

THE continued exploration of the limestone caves of the Transvaal is resulting in more and more remarkable discoveries of apes that show striking resemblances to man. Professor Dart, in 1925, opened a new chapter in the history of man's ancestors by his discovery of the Taungs ape¹. The little skull which forms the type created much controversy, one group of scientists holding that it was the skull of a baby chimpanzee, while Dart and others held that it belonged to a group closely allied to man's ancestors. As the skull is that of a very young being, corresponding to a human child of about five years, it was difficult for a world in which prejudice is still often stronger than the desire for truth to come to a definite conclusion, and the question has thus remained unsettled for over a dozen years.

Two years ago I took up the further exploration of the caves, and from almost the first week important finds were made, and reports of the more important of these have appeared in *The Illustrated London News*². We first discovered much of the skull of an adult ape, which I called *Australopithecus transvaalensis*. It is clearly allied to Dart's baby animal, but differs in a number of respects. The brain is rounder and more human in shape, but not larger, being only about 450 c.c. in size. We now know nearly every detail of the skull structure, and only three months ago a beautiful upper jaw was found, which showed that this Sterkfontein ape is really an anthropoid with an ape brain but human teeth. An account of this discovery appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of May 14, 1938. The discovery was regarded of such importance that Professor W. K. Gregory and Dr. Milo Hellman, of New York, at once resolved to visit South Africa to study it and the finds previously made.

A month ago a new type of skull of even greater importance than the

of bone breccia which lay near the top of a hill, and which had doubtless once formed the floor of a cave whose roof and walls had long since been weathered

Taungs or the Sterkfontein specimens was found by a school-boy, Gert Terblanche, on the farm Kromdraai, a couple of miles from Sterkfontein. This occurred in a mass

away. The deposit is fairly rich in mammal bones, and all of these are of different species from those occurring at Sterkfontein, apparently indicating that the breccia is of a different geological age, and presumably older. The new skull consists of the nearly perfect palate, half of the face, and the whole of the lower half of the left side of the cranium. We also have the greater part of the right half of the mandible with most of the contained teeth. The skull is clearly that of a large and very powerful ape, much larger than the chimpanzee, but with many remarkably human characters.

The side view (Figs. 1 and 4) shows that the face is remarkably flat, and the snout short, while the zygomatic arch is very powerful. The cavity in which the lower jaw hinges is of very great interest, for in all the apes the tympanic bone, which supports the ear passage, lies behind this cavity; while in man the tympanic bone lies mainly below the back of the hinge cavity and forms much of its posterior wall. In the new skull the condition is exactly as in man, though all the parts are about twice as large. Part of the hinge on which the skull is supported is preserved, and is situated farther forward than in living apes, a point suggesting that the new fossil form walked in a more erect posture.

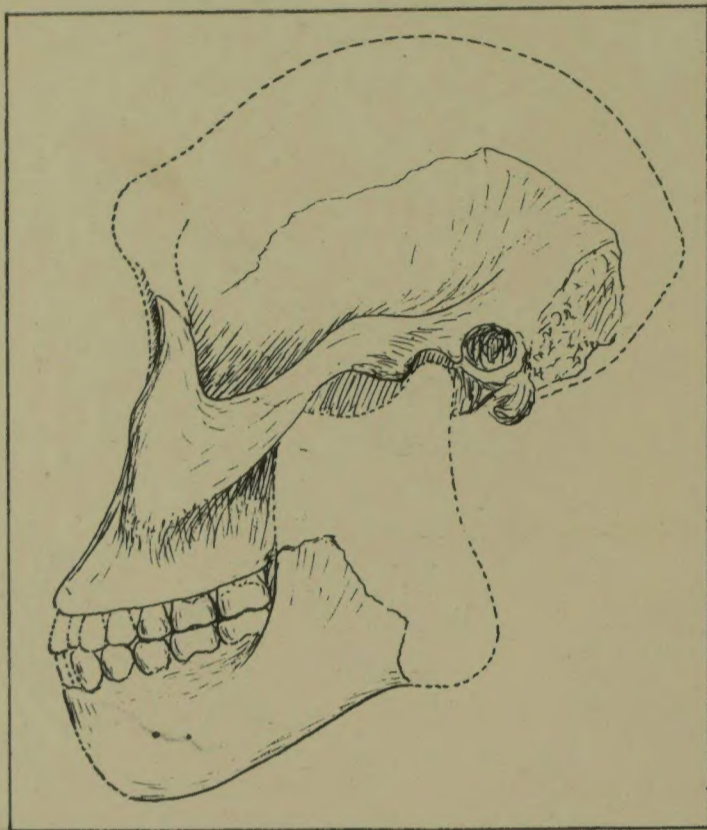
The palate (Fig. 3) is beautifully preserved, with all the more important teeth. The bicuspid teeth are about half as large again as those of the Sterkfontein ape, but these and the molars, though very large, are remarkably human in structure. The canine is lost, but it must have been small, as in man, and the front teeth have also been small. The shape of the palate is almost as in man, and quite different from that of any of the living apes. The lower jaw is relatively short, but extremely massive: its molar and premolar teeth (Fig. 2) are very large, while the canine and incisors are small.

The new skull may be referred to as the Kromdraai (pronounced Kromdry) skull, and the scientific name proposed for it is *Paranthropus robustus*. The discovery leaves no doubt that in Pleistocene times there were a number of forms of large non-forest-living anthropoid apes, which in structure were much nearer to man than either the chimpanzee or the gorilla.

It seems probable that the Taungs ape lived in Lower Pleistocene times—say, 600,000 years ago; that the Kromdraai ape was a Middle Pleistocene form of, say, 300,000 years ago; and that the Sterkfontein ape was an Upper Pleistocene form of, perhaps, 150,000 years ago.

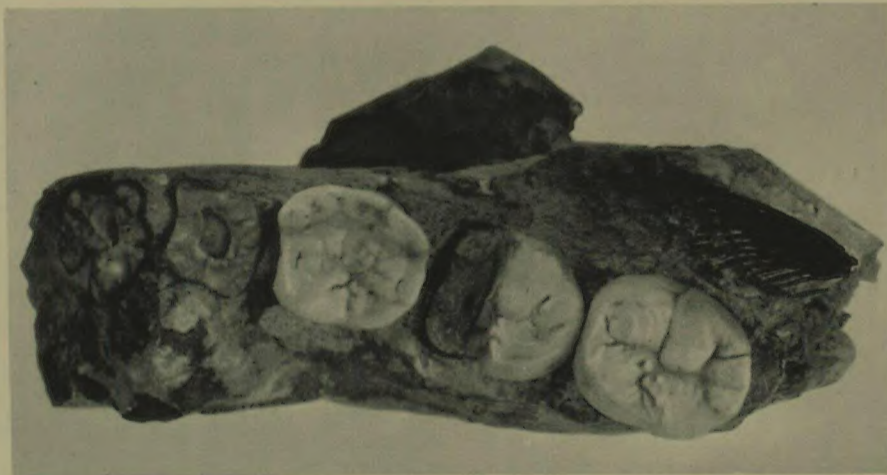
All these Pleistocene apes, which are allied and very man-like, were doubtless descended from somewhat similar forms that lived in the Pliocene of Africa, and it is highly probable that man also is descended from one of these African Pliocene non-forest apes of, perhaps, 2,000,000 years ago.

It was the opinion of the Scots evolutionist of the eighteenth century, Lord Monboddo, that Africa would prove to be the ancestral home of man. Darwin held the same opinion, and in recent times Elliot Smith has also favoured this view, in spite of the discoveries of early man in Java and China.



1. THE NEWLY DISCOVERED KROMDRAAI SKULL (PARANTHROPUS ROBUSTUS, BROOM): A RESTORATION DRAWING SHOWING A TRUE SIDE VIEW. (HALF NATURAL SIZE.)

All the parts shown in line in this drawing are known. Those shown in dotted line are restorations.



2. TEETH OF THE NEW KROMDRAAI SKULL: AN OCCLUSAL VIEW OF MOLARS WITH ROOTS OF PREMOLARS OF THE RIGHT MANDIBLE. (Photograph by Herbert Lang.) (Copyright.)



3. SHOWING THE TEETH, WHICH ARE VERY LARGE, BUT REMARKABLY HUMAN IN STRUCTURE: A PALATAL VIEW OF THE KROMDRAAI SKULL. (REDUCED IN SIZE.)



4. THE NEWLY FOUND KROMDRAAI SKULL, WHICH IS PRONOUNCED A REAL LINK BETWEEN MAN AND THE APES: A PHOTOGRAPHIC SIDE VIEW. (REDUCED IN SIZE.)

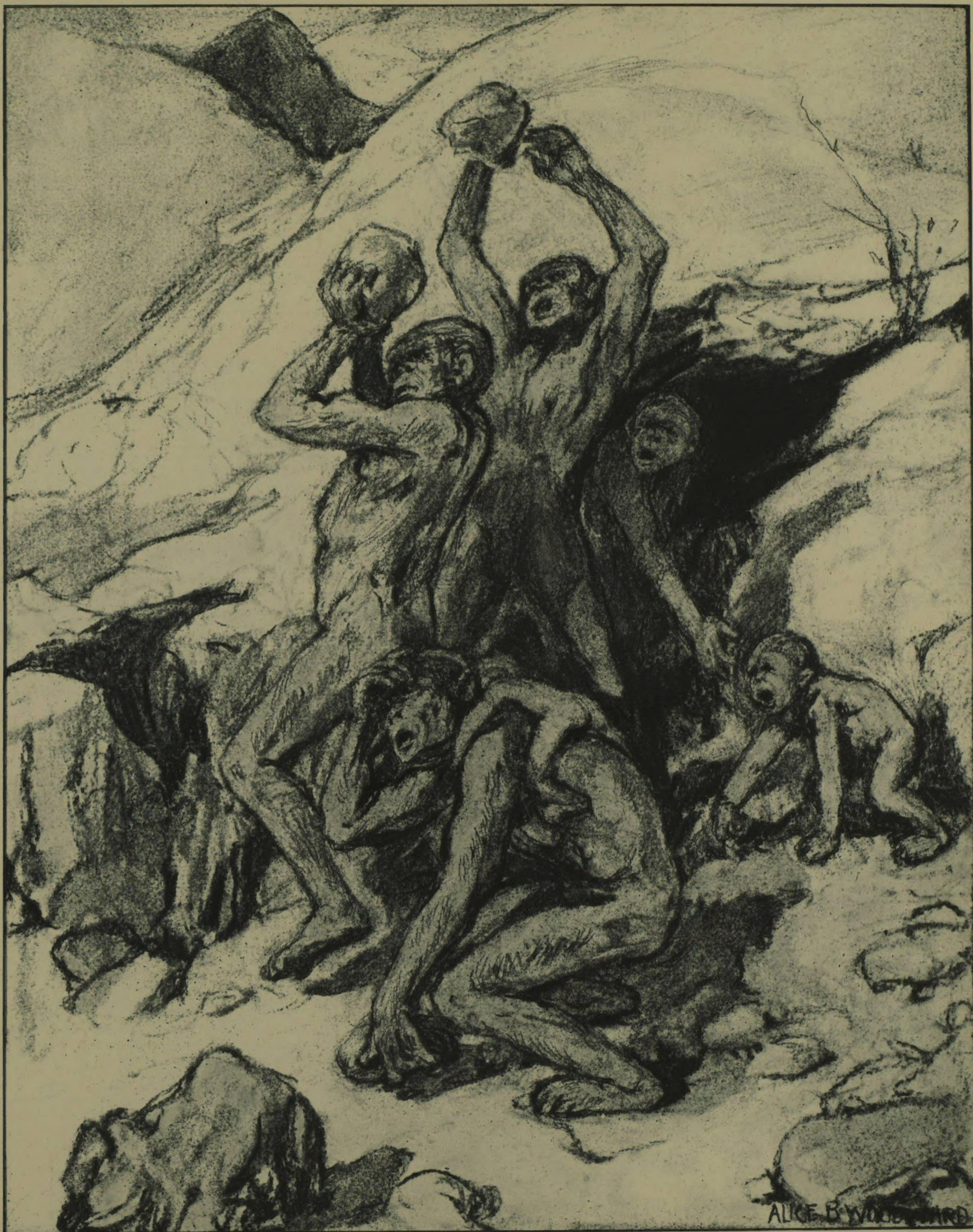
Photographs by Herbert Lang. (Copyright.)

¹Illustrated and described in our issues of February 14 and June 13, 1925.

²See our issues of September 19, 1936, and May 14, 1938.

MAN'S NEW ANCESTOR OF 300,000 YEARS AGO: HIS FIGHTING METHODS.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALICE B. WOODWARD.



REPELLING AN ATTACK: A FAMILY GROUP OF *PARANTHROPUS ROBUSTUS*, WHOSE SKULL WAS LATELY DISCOVERED IN SOUTH AFRICA—AN IMAGINARY SCENE FOUNDED ON SCIENTIFIC DATA THAT SUGGEST A MORE ERECT POSTURE THAN IN APES.

In this drawing Miss Alice Woodward, the well-known anthropological artist, has reconstructed, in accordance with the scientific data, what would seem to have been the appearance and fighting methods of the creature to whom belonged the newly discovered Kromdraai skull described and illustrated on the opposite page. As Dr. Broom, the discoverer, states in his article, the name adopted for this new anthropoid is *Paranthropus robustus*, and distinguished anthropologists have recognised in him an actual link (no longer "missing") between man and the apes. In assigning approximate dates to the various sub-human types found in

South Africa in recent years, by himself and others, Dr. Broom regards the Kromdraai ape as belonging to the Middle Pleistocene period, roughly, about 300,000 years ago; while the Taungs ape (found in 1925) is ascribed to Lower Pleistocene times—say, 600,000 years ago, and the Sterkfontein ape (or *Australopithecus Transvaalensis*), illustrated in our issue of May 14 last, is classed as an Upper Pleistocene form of perhaps 150,000 years ago. All these man-like apes and probably man himself, Dr. Broom considers, were descended from non-forest-dwelling African apes that existed in the Pliocene period two million years ago.

THE STORY OF WELBECK.

"A HISTORY OF WELBECK ABBEY AND ITS OWNERS": By A. S. TURBERVILLE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

LAST year we were given a crowded and delightful book by the Duke of Portland, entitled "Men, Women and Things." Apart from its many other aspects, it was, in a sense, a history of Welbeck Abbey during the Duke's long lifetime. The earlier history he has delegated to others. There recently appeared a volume by Professor A. Hamilton Thompson dealing with the House of Premonstratensian Canons which

redoubtable woman, Bess of Hardwick, who was both the wife of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, and the mother of Sir Charles Cavendish."

So once more we come to that fascinating termagant Bess of Hardwick. She married successively Mr. Barlow, Sir William Cavendish, Sir William St. Loe, and Lord Shrewsbury, and dominated them all, except the last-named in his later years. Horace Walpole wrote of her—

Five stately mansions
she erected
With more than Royal
pomp, to vary
The prison of her
captive Mary.
When Hardwick's tow'rs
shall bow their head,
Nor Mass be more in
Worsop said;
When Bolsover's fair
fame shall tend,
Like Oldcotes, to its
mould'ring end,
When Chatsworth tastes
no Candish bounties,
Let fame forget this
costly Countess.

The allusion to "captive Mary" refers to the fact that for fifteen years the unfortunate Lord Shrewsbury was compelled to keep the Queen of Scots in his custody, being accused, for his pains, of a liaison with her.

There were two main branches of the Cavendishes. One is still seated at Chatsworth; of the Welbeck branch, the most eminent was William, first Duke of

Europe, it could be due only to the jealousy of other philosophers, the prevailing unpopularity of dogmatism, and the influence of the opposing philosophy of Aquinas!

The second Duke left no sons, and Welbeck passed to John Holles, Earl of Clare, and later Duke of Newcastle. Again the male succession failed, and Welbeck passed to a son-in-law, Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford; and finally one more daughter, Margaret Harley—Prior's "Peggy"—brought it to the Bentincks, Dukes of Portland, whose joint surname had therefore come with the house by a very devious route.

So many stocks passed into Welbeck that Professor Turberville is able to have a variegated time with pedigrees and is able to summarise the lives of



THE EQUESTRIAN APOTHEOSIS OF THE FIRST DUKE OF NEWCASTLE: AN AMUSING PLATE OF THE AUTHOR OF "LA METHODE ET INVENTION NOUVELLE DE DRESSER LES CHEVAUX" SURROUNDED BY HORSES MAKING OBEISANCE.

Reproductions from "A History of Welbeck Abbey . . ."; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.

existed at Welbeck from the twelfth century until its dissolution in 1538, and now Professor Turberville is filling up the long gap.

"The Duke," he says, "desired that the book should be a record not only of the buildings of Welbeck Abbey, but also of its owners, and of the part which they have taken in the life of the nation. My primary purpose therefore has been to sketch the characters and careers of those members of the families of Cavendish, Holles, Harley and Bentinck who had been in possession of Welbeck from the time of the dissolution of the Abbey until the death of the fifth Duke of Portland in 1879." At present he takes us up to the middle of the eighteenth century, and the industry with which he has accumulated his details, largely from manuscript sources, arouses an admiration which borders on awe.

The first grantee of the lease of Welbeck after the dissolution was Richard Whalley, a dependent of Thomas Cromwell's. He accumulated many manors, and ran the risks of the day, for later he adhered to the fallen Protector Somerset, and was sent to the Tower for an alleged plot to restore him and seize the King's person. But unlike many of his contemporaries, he survived all changes, and died at eighty-four in his bed. From the Whalley family (Richard's son was uncle by marriage to Oliver Cromwell) the estate passed, through Talbot influence, to the Cavendishes: "That agency was exerted in their favour owing to the resolute will of that

Newcastle, builder, scientist, versifier, soldier, friend of Van Dyck, and loyal follower of Charles I. He is best known by the "Life" of his widow, the eccentric and talented Margaret, to whose voluminous writings Professor Turberville, in his leisurely way, is able to devote an amusing chapter. "The works," he says, "upon which the Duchess of Newcastle prided herself most are those which posterity has judged to have no value whatsoever, save as illustrations of her queer mentality. Her philosophical works are



THE STABLES AND GATEHOUSE BUILT AT WELBECK BY JOHN SMITHSON IN 1625 AND DEMOLISHED IN 1752: A PLATE FROM THE FIRST DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S GREAT WORK, "LA METHODE ET INVENTION NOUVELLE DE DRESSER LES CHEVAUX."

The management of horses was the ruling passion of the first Duke of Newcastle. During his exile he established a regular riding-school, or *manège*, in Antwerp, which became one of the city's chief sights. "La Méthode et l'Invention . . ." was published at Antwerp in 1658. In the above plate what is apparently the Duke's brand mark can be seen on the horse.

indeed strange and wonderful, and the very apotheosis of sycophancy was reached in the preposterous compliments which she received from learned societies and learned men to whom she presented copies of them—when, for example, she was assured that if these works were not read in all the universities of



A FAMOUS FIGURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE CAVENDISHES: "BESS OF HARDWICK," THE MASTERFUL LADY WHO MARRIED SIR WILLIAM CAVENDISH IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY I. AND SURVIVED HIM AND TWO OTHER ARISTOCRATIC HUSBANDS, BESIDES ONE COMMONER.

Charles Cavendish, the youngest of Bess of Hardwick's three sons, acquired Welbeck Abbey from Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury. He was the father of the first Duke of Newcastle, from whom the Dukes of Portland descend.

a great diversity of persons, many of whom contributed memories or relics to the coral island which is Welbeck. Some things Welbeck has lost; there is a picture (among the many fine illustrations in this book) of some lovely stables destroyed in the eighteenth century, and the great Harleian Collection left its walls. It "was speedily broken up after the death of the second Earl of Oxford. His widow sold all the printed books and pamphlets to Thomas Osborne, a bookseller in Gray's Inn, for £15,000—a sum, it is said, considerably less than the price of the bindings; for the second Earl had been very fond of elaborate morocco bindings. Medals, antiquities, and some paintings went; but, happily, the manuscripts were kept. In 1755 the Duke of Portland virtually gave them to the nation. Ever since, the Dukes have had family representation among the trustees of the British Museum, the nucleus of which consisted of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, the Cotton Library, the Harleian collection of manuscripts, and the Hamilton collection of Roman antiquities, which were originally lodged in Montagu House—first opened to the public on Jan. 15, 1759—where they remained until the erection of the present British Museum building, the first wing of which was completed in 1828."

The second volume should be as interesting. There will be a great deal of important politics in it—not to mention the story of the Portland Vase and that of the fifth Duke. Meanwhile, this is a model for other historians of great houses, though a little more about architecture and the land might have been acceptable.

* "A History of Welbeck Abbey and Its Owners." Vol. I. 1539-1755. By A. S. Turberville. With a foreword by the Duke of Portland, K.G. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 25s.)

FUTURE R.A.F. PILOTS TRAINING AT CRANWELL: BLIND FLYING INDOORS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE.



THE INGENIOUS "LINK" TRAINER IN USE—WITH HOOD OPEN: A MINIATURE AEROPLANE WHICH SIMULATES A REAL MACHINE IN FLIGHT—WITH AN INSTRUCTOR GIVING HIS PUPIL DIRECTIONS; IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE.

The recent great expansion of the Royal Air Force lends a very special interest to the photographs of the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell reproduced on this and the three following pages. It will be recalled that we have already dealt pictorially with the Army and Navy training establishments at Sandhurst and Dartmouth. On this page is seen one of the most ingenious devices devoted to the modern training of pilots, one which enables them to be taught to fly blind without leaving the ground or even going out of doors—plainly an enormous saving in expense and time. Formerly, it was customary to teach blind flying in

dual-control trainer-aircraft with the seats covered by a hood. The "Link" trainer consists of a miniature aeroplane fitted with all the ordinary controls, and a set of instruments so arranged that they record height, speed, turns and so forth, exactly as if the pupil were in flight. This, in turn, is controlled by the movements of the "joy-stick." The trainer is electrically connected to a course recorder which reproduces on a chart or sheet of paper on the instructor's table (seen in the foreground) the course followed by the pupil. Technical details of the "Link" trainer were illustrated in our issue of November 20 last year.

INSTRUCTING THE WINGED AND THE UNWINGED: R.A.F. TRAINING.

SOME OF THE AMAZING DIVERSITY OF SUBJECTS IN WHICH A MODERN R.A.F. OFFICER MUST BE EXPERT.



TRAINING FUTURE R.A.F. OFFICERS AT CRANWELL COLLEGE: FLIGHT CADETS ON CEREMONIAL PARADE BEFORE THE MAIN FAÇADE OF THE BUILDING, WHICH BEARS THE R.A.F. MOTTO IN THE ARCHWAY.



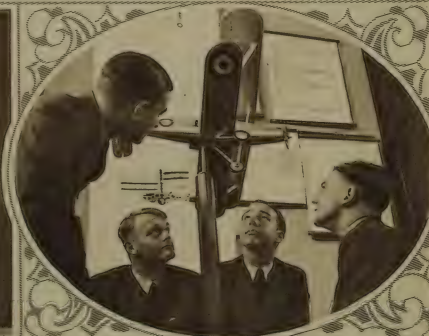
PERFECTING THEMSELVES IN THE GRIMMER ASPECTS OF THEIR VOCATION: AN INSTRUCTOR USING A BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM TO GIVE A CLASS TUITION IN BOMB-AIMING.



CADETS LEARNING THE MECHANISM OF A MACHINE-GUN: A GROUP IN WHICH MOST, IN SPITE OF THEIR APPARENT YOUTH, WEAR THE "WINGS" OF QUALIFIED PILOTS ON THEIR TUNICS.



INTEREST IN SPORT AT CRANWELL: A CROWD OF CADETS DISCUSSING THE SPORTING NOTICES, THE NUMBER OF WHICH INDICATE THE VARIETY OF GAMES PLAYED.



IN THE SCIENTIFIC SECTION AT CRANWELL: STUDYING THE AERODYNAMIC QUALITIES OF A MODEL AEROPLANE.



THE MECHANISM BY WHICH THE BOMBER AIMS HIS BOMBS: INSTRUCTING CADETS ON A COMPLICATED BOMB-SIGHT.



AN ESSENTIAL FEATURE OF THE TRAINING OF THE MODERN PILOT: A GROUP OF CADETS AT WIRELESS INSTRUCTION—TO ENABLE THEM TO BECOME EFFICIENT TRANSMITTERS OF INFORMATION AND RECIPIENTS OF ORDERS.



FIRST FLIGHTS: NEW ARRIVALS AT CRANWELL HAVING SALIENT POINTS EXPLAINED TO THEM BEFORE GOING UP FOR THE FIRST TIME.



LEARNING ABOUT THE AIRMAN'S "LIFEBELT": A CLASS BEING INSTRUCTED IN THE FITTING OF PARACHUTES, THE INSTRUCTOR DEMONSTRATING THE HARNESS ON ONE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.



THE CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF PARACHUTES: THE METHOD OF FOLDING AND PACKING—SEEMINGLY SOMEWHAT COMPLICATED—BEING EXPLAINED BY THE INSTRUCTOR.

Sir Kingsley Wood, the Air Minister, announced recently that another 31,000 men were wanted for the R.A.F., a figure which gives an idea of the enormous expansion that is going on. On these pages are seen photographs of the Royal Air Force College, at Cranwell, in Lincolnshire, where R.A.F. officers

are trained. The College was inaugurated by Lord Trenchard in 1920, and until 1929, was known as the Royal Air Force Cadet College. Flight Cadets enter the College between the ages of 17½ and 19½ years. The maximum cost of the training is £250. Qualifications for entrants are that they must

have education up to School Certificate standard, be unmarried, be a British subject, and be medically fit and suitable to hold a commission. The training, which covers a period of two years, includes studies in English language and literature, the British Empire, applied mathematics, including mechanics and

draughtsmanship, elementary physics, history of the Royal Air Force, theory of flight and rigging, air navigation and map-reading, drill and physical training, Air Force law and administration, hygiene and sanitation, workshops, engines, metal work, radio telephony and practical flying. (Photographs by Keystone.)

FUTURE R.A.F. OFFICERS AT CRANWELL: EVENTS IN THE CADETS' DAILY ROUND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.



MAINTAINING THE VERY HIGH STANDARD OF PHYSICAL FITNESS REQUIRED OF FLIGHT CADETS AT CRANWELL: PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE GYMNASIUM.



HOW CADETS ARE ENCOURAGED TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD: A SCENE IN THE WELL-STOCKED LIBRARY AT CRANWELL.



ACQUIRING PROFICIENCY IN THE MORSE CODE, WHICH ALL HAVE TO LEARN: A CLASS, WITH THEIR INSTRUCTOR, BUSILY ENGAGED IN WRITING DOWN "MESSAGES RECEIVED."



YET ANOTHER BRANCH OF THE MULTIFARIOUS TRAINING AT CRANWELL: EXPLAINING THE DETAILS OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SEAPLANE FLOAT TO CADETS—TYPICAL OF THE NUMEROUS TECHNICAL COURSES.



AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK: A CADET RELAXES WITH HIS WIRELESS—HIS BOOKSHELF INCLUDING THE "ADMIRALTY HANDBOOK ON WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY," BESIDES LIGHTER READING.

Cranwell College is divided into three squadrons of Flight Cadets, each squadron being commanded by an officer who has to assist him a Flight Cadet Under-Officer and four Flight Cadet non-commissioned officers who are selected from the senior term. The period of training is two years, which is divided into six terms. All

cadets begin their flying training on the elementary training type of aircraft within the first few days of their arrival at the college. By the end of their fourth term all tests for the pilot's flying badge will have been passed and they will then be qualified to wear their "wings."

A GRAVE SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEM: EROSION—SEEN FROM THE AIR.



EROSION AT WORK ON THE BANKS OF A SOUTH AFRICAN RIVER: A REMARKABLE AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF A TRIBUTARY OF THE VAAL, NEAR KIMBERLEY, SHOWING CHANNELS OF NUMEROUS FLOOD-TIME RIVULETS THAT CARRY SOIL INTO THE MAIN STREAM, LOOKING FROM ABOVE LIKE FLATTENED TREES.



THE PRESSED FERN-LEAF EFFECT PRODUCED IN AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A RIVER IN SOUTH AFRICA, AND ITS TRIBUTARY STREAMS THAT CARRY FERTILE SOIL INTO IT AFTER TORRENTIAL RAINS: AN EXAMPLE OF WIDESPREAD EROSION WHICH IT IS SOUGHT TO COUNTERACT BY AFFORESTATION.

These remarkable air photographs of a South African river, which are interesting pictorially for the curious effects produced, suggesting pressed fern-leaves or flattened trees, illustrate also a grave problem in agriculture, which is being rediscussed at the moment, owing to the spread of "bad lands" in South Africa. Soil erosion is now again engaging the attention of the Government and other authorities. One of the factors which make it serious, in a dry climate like that of South Africa, is that in certain areas long periods without rain are followed by torrential downpours, due to thunderstorms and semi-cloudbursts,

causing the whole surrounding country to be inundated. The tributaries and runlets, or spruits, then become full of rushing water and carry all loose, soluble and friable soil into the large rivers, such as the Vaal and the Orange River, leaving behind only stones and boulders. These results are largely due to lack of grass and trees, while animal tracks also develop into channels for small streams in time of flood. The steps being taken to counteract this process of erosion, which occurs chiefly in the dry belts, consist mainly of afforestation and the planting of grass, which has a binding effect upon the surface of the soil.

SPECTACLED UNDERWATER SPEAR-FISHERS, SUNNY DAYS AND GLAMOROUS



A TAHITIAN FISH-SPEARER AT WORK: THE MAN SWIMMING TOWARDS A CORAL REEF—PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH THE GLASS-CLEAR WATER FROM THE CANOE THAT ACCOMPANIED HIM.



A FISH IS SIGHTED LURKING IN THE CORAL: THE SPEARMAN LYING DEAD STILL UNDER THE WATER, WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO STRIKE.

The photographs on the left of this double page show how the Tahitian hunts for himself and his family with the fish-spear. The diver in this case has gone out accompanied by a friend in a canoe. He wears nothing but a red "pareo" with blue flowers. His spear is nearly eight feet long, tipped with an iron barb. He wears spectacles with wooden rims, fitting his eye-sockets, which allow him to see underwater without difficulty. He swims gently along, moving the water as little as possible, with his right arm



THE FISH-SPEARER APPROACHING HIS HUNTING GROUNDS: SWIMMING GENTLY, SO AS TO DISTURB THE WATER AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE, AND HOLDING THE HARPOON NEAR THE POINT.



THE THRUST GOES HOME: THE SPEAR DRIVEN INTO THE FISH BY A POWERFUL SWIMMING STROKE AND A MOVEMENT OF THE WHOLE BODY.

thrust forward holding the harpoon close to his body. He begins examining the coral where the fish lie hidden. Usually these are quite small and very brightly coloured, metallic greens, blues or pinks. Sharks and turtles are only hunted as an exception. Having reached the coral rocks, the swimmer moves slowly round them, comes up, goes down again, examines all the crannies where fish hide. Suddenly he stops dead, a sign that he has seen a fish. Then, with the speed of lightning, the harpoon darts forward. There

NET-CASTING, WHIRLING "OTEAS," AND MUSIC: EVENINGS IN CAREFREE TAHITI.



TWILIGHT IN TAHITI: A GARLANDED MUSICIAN SINGING TO HIS GUITAR; WHILE OTHERS, WITH THE NATURAL MUSICAL FEELING OF THEIR RACE, JOIN HIM IN VOCAL HARMONY.



THE TAHITIANS' WONDERFUL NATURAL APPTITUDE FOR MUSIC AND THE DANCE: WHIRLING "OTEAS" WEARING FIBRE COSTUMES THAT ARE RARELY SEEN NOWADAYS.

is a swirl, and a fish flips helplessly on the point. A fish, no matter how small, is always harpooned in the same spot, just above the gills; the precision of the Tahitian fishermen in this is amazing. The swimmer now comes to the surface by the canoe (which has followed him silently all the time), and removes the fish from the harpoon against the edge of the boat, so that it falls inside. The fisherman shakes himself, laughs like a happy child, lifts his glasses to get the fog off them, and then quietly disappears under the



ANOTHER IDYLIC WAY OF GAINING A DAY'S MEALS IN FAR-OFF TAHITI: A MAN DRESSED IN A CURIOUS GARB OF PANDANUS FIBRES, AT WORK CASTING A FISHING-NET.



THE EVENING AMUSEMENT OF THE CAREFREE TAHITIANS: A HANDSOME GROUP, WEARING BRIGHT CLOTHES AND GARLANDS, SINGING BESIDE THE LAGOON.

water again. It happens on rare occasions that he misses. The fish, of course, is gone like a green streak, making for another coral rock several yards away; but undeterred, the fisherman swims patiently after it. He goes on until he has got all the fish he needs for his larder. Sometimes this takes four or five hours, without the man showing any sign of fatigue, all being fine swimmers, and most good harpooners. A fisherman remains under water for about two minutes at a time. (Photographs, Montaigne-Hughes Agency.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHAT benefit can we gain from books about the Great War? This is not a question expecting the answer "None!", like that historic conundrum—"What is the use of a battleship?" It is a straight question designed to ascertain the true value of war literature. Those responsible for the defence of the realm have sometimes been accused of preparing for the last war instead of the next, regardless of changed conditions, and it has been suggested that the authorities at any given period, belonging usually to an elder generation, are obstinately opposed to new methods and ideas. If that were true, there might be some risk that the military lessons of the Great War, as preserved in its annals, would be studied too rigidly with a view to history repeating itself. Such a danger, however, does not seem to exist to-day, since

at Festubert in May 1915, and at Givenchy in June. The final chapter brings the narrative up to the formation of the Canadian Corps, when the 2nd Canadian Division joined the 1st in France in mid-September."

A tragic example of failure to realise and provide in advance against an unfamiliar menace, during actual hostilities, is recalled in the chapters dealing with the German introduction of poison gas, of which the Canadians bore the brunt. Colonel Duguid shows that there had been ample warning of the danger, from statements by German prisoners and other sources, but that "most of those Allied officers who had full information were either incredulous or contemptuous," and no protective precautions were adopted till after the first gas attack and its deadly effects. "Contemporary documents," we read, "seem to indicate that it was not expected that the German

Higher Command would ever sanction a flagrant breach of the laws and usages of civilised warfare, and that, even if they did, it was supposed that the amount of noxious gas dischargeable could only be effective over a small area for a short time, and the usual counter-measures taken against the blowing of a mine would suffice. . . . It was also assumed, through faulty reading of the evidence, that the attack was only planned against the French trenches, whereas the first deserter truthfully said that cylinders were in place on the frontage of one battalion eastwards from the Ypres-Poelcappelle road; that is, opposite the left Canadian battalion."

Colonel Duguid describes vividly the harrowing results of "the first poison gas ever discharged in

civilised warfare," and the gallantry of the troops who had to face it. Later, he writes: "Poison-gas had not brought complete success: the paralysing surprise of its first appearance on the battlefield had passed, and it was henceforth only another of the known horrors of war. . . . By their rash yet premeditated act, the Germans, with a deplorable lack of both humanity and foresight, adopted for the use of the world at large a devastating weapon of a kind hitherto discreetly shunned by civilised man—a weapon more destructive than the most deadly plague and less easily controlled than the winds of heaven. Due to mass production by chemical factories, the danger of war to unprepared civilians and untrained soldiers was to increase incalculably."

While the general tone of this volume is strictly impersonal, without any element of dialogue, character-drawing, or anecdotes in lighter vein, and, as Colonel Duguid points out, the necessity of compression has ruled out all but a few individual deeds of gallantry, yet full justice is done to the Canadian force as a whole and its contribution to the Allied cause. Glowing tributes to its achievements are quoted from King George V., Marshal Joffre, and Sir John French, who declared that, at the period in question, "the Canadians . . . undoubtedly saved the situation." Summing-up, the author says: "If the Canadian troops at Ypres in 1915 had been a little more experienced, or a little less, they might not have put up such a tenacious resistance, they might not have taken so literally the orders to hold the line 'at all costs,' they might not have counter-attacked with such reckless vigour; the capture of the whole Salient, and the destruction of one quarter of the British forces in France, would have been the natural result."

No lack of foresight or imagination regarding the potentialities of any future war can be charged against the author of "FAMINE IN ENGLAND." By Viscount Lymington (Witherby; 7s. 6d.), a book, by the way, which

contains incidental criticism of farming methods in Canada. Mainly, however, Lord Lymington is concerned with the shortcomings of British agricultural policy, and with the vital problem of the nation's food supply in the event of war. His book has a profound interest for us all, and demands, I think, the closest attention of our statesmen. Doubtless with the object of rousing public opinion and goading the powers-that-be into activity, he begins with a picture, in startling colours, of the various dangers that threaten this country from abroad, and, in particular, the dire results that would follow a stoppage of our seaborne imports of food and fuel oil. I hope this vigorous jeremiad will have a salutary effect. As a paramount initial necessity, he urges the establishment of a food reserve. "We would need," he considers, "some 240,000,000 bushels, or 30,000,000 quarters of wheat for human food reserves, and some five million tons of maize, barley and oats for animal feeding-stuffs. The total cost of this would be about £100,000,000 to £110,000,000, plus the cost of storage. If we can afford £542 per bed for new lunatic asylums, those who are still sane should be able to see that grain reservoirs are a sounder investment in bricks and mortar."

Having disposed of the immediate need of preventing national starvation if war should come upon us, Lord Lymington proceeds to review the whole question of agricultural regeneration, both in this country and the Dominions. He lifts the subject on to a high plane of public endeavour, linking the well-being of the land with the physical vigour and the moral qualities of the British race. Frequently, too, he diverges into still wider questions of imperial and foreign politics. Touching on the rising insurgence of Oriental races, he says: "The only dykes that can hold this flood of humanity are human. Yet Canada has little more than the population of Greater London to people her vast area of land. Australia has only about half of Canada's population, and New Zealand less than half Australia's. . . . We must cease to waste land by exploitation of its capital, and we must people our waste spaces. 'We' means the white northern races of Europe united in solidarity to save the new world and Africa by human fertility. . . . In the nation-building of the new lands there will be better results if we limit our cross-breeding to kindred Nordic stocks from Scandinavia, Germany and Holland."

Farming is among the phases of Japanese life disclosed by a distinguished foreign correspondent in "WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JAPAN?" By Willard Price. With 60 illustrations (Heinemann; 15s.). This is a very readable and revealing book, teeming alike with information and entertainment. As between Japan and China, the author has no bias, but his account of Japan is certainly sympathetic. A sociable and versatile spirit is indicated at once by his dedication: "To those who have helped me—"



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON PRESERVED—IN PICTURE: "ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN"; BY THOMAS MALTON. (12½ by 18½ in.)

Thomas Malton, the topographical draughtsman, was born in 1726. He was an early exhibitor in the Royal Academy. So far as they can be tested, his drawings are extremely accurate. He died at Dublin in 1801. This drawing was engraved and reproduced in the "Tour of London and Westminster," published in March 1796. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the Palser Gallery.)

our present defence measures, including A.R.P., certainly indicate "intelligent anticipation." I should say that books on the Great War are valuable to historians as records of events; to those who served in the operations as recalling personal memories; and to the general public as reminders of their debt to the men who fought, as a warning against the hatefulness of war in general, and as an inducement to prevent its recurrence.

Apart from these considerations, however, there are certain war books of a monumental type that possess a far wider significance, as representing the strength and vitality of the British Empire. Such a work is an instalment of the "OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN FORCES IN THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1919." General Series, Vol. I. From the Outbreak of War to the Formation of the Canadian Corps. August 1914—September 1915. By Colonel A. Fortescue Duguid, D.S.O., B.Sc., R.C.A., Director of the Historical Section, General Staff. With Maps and Sketches compiled and drawn by Captain J. I. P. Neal, R.C.E. Published by authority of the Canadian Minister of National Defence (Ottawa: J. O. Patenaude, Printer to H.M. the King; \$2.). This well-printed book includes ten large coloured folding maps, admirably clear in detail, besides diagrams in the text; and there is a separate volume (issued at \$1.50) containing 14 other maps on a larger scale, besides appendices comprising original documents, notes to the first volume, references to authorities, and a chronology of general events during the period covered.

Nothing in the Great War was of more vital import to the world than the wonderful rally of the Dominions to the help of the Mother Country, and as a record of Canada's magnificent effort this inaugural volume is all that could be desired. From a vast mass of documentary material, Colonel Duguid has produced a clear and straightforward narrative, tracing the main course of events in a coherent form, which cannot fail to be of the deepest interest to all concerned, as well as to the general reader in all parts of the Empire. Summarising its contents, the author says: "The first chapter deals with the steps taken in Canada on the outbreak of war, the second with the mustering of the First Contingent at Valcartier, and the third with the crossing to England in October 1914. The sojourn for the next three months on Salisbury Plain occupies one chapter, the introduction of the 1st Canadian Division into the British line of battle in March another, followed by a group of ten chapters covering the Battles of Ypres in April and May 1915, when there was hard fighting and heavy casualties. Here is interposed a chapter on the raising of other forces in Canada and their passage overseas to be used as reinforcements or to build up other field formations, first among which was the 2nd Canadian Division. Then follow three chapters on the engagement of the 1st Canadian Division in the desolating operations



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON PRESERVED INTACT: PREPARING THE STRUCTURE, AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, WHICH WILL RECEIVE THE FINE CEILINGS AND WALLS OF THE MUSIC-ROOM OF OLD NORFOLK HOUSE.

As noted under a drawing of old Norfolk House in our last issue, both this and the later Norfolk House in St. James's Square have been demolished, to be replaced by a modern building. By the generosity of the Duke of Norfolk and the Norfolk House Syndicate, however, the fine walls and ceilings of the music-room of Norfolk House are to be preserved at the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Photopress.)

my wife, statesmen, students, business men, a farmer in Japan, a philosopher in China, a bandit in Manchuria, a nun in Korea, a South Sea King, and a Philippine head-hunter—thanks." A description of a typical two-acre farm in Japan confirms Lord Lymington's tribute to the Japanese farmer's ability to make the most of a small acreage, and shows how his ideas of the relation between the land and national efficiency are fulfilled in the island empire of the East.

(Continued on page 342.)

THE NEW BABY GORILLA AT THE ZOO: A YOUNG MALE OF THE MOUNTAIN SUB-SPECIES FROM LAKE KIVU.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.A.



A GIFT FROM BELGIUM, AND PERHAPS LATER TO JOIN THE BEREAVED MOINA IN THE GORILLA HOUSE AT REGENT'S PARK:
MENG, WITH HIS LITTLE CHIMPANZEE COMPANION, JACQUELINE (DISTINGUISHED BY LIGHTER FACIAL COLOURING).

The Zoo recently received as a gift from the Belgian Government a little male gorilla, about a year old, belonging to the mountain gorilla sub-species from the Lake Kivu district of the Belgian Congo, where gorillas are strictly protected and specimens can only be exported by special permission. He was found in the jungle by a native, who took him back to the village of Meng, after which he is named. Meng is an engaging little fellow, gentle and affectionate, for he has been in captivity for five months and has been treated like a human baby. At present he is under

2½ ft. high, but in time he is likely to grow to an enormous bulk. One of the same species in the Berlin Zoo weighed 41 stone when he died at the age of eleven. Possibly, when Meng is a year or two older, he may be a companion for Moina, the Zoo's gorilla who was left lonely by the death of Mok, her mate. At present, however, he shares a cage with the orphan baby chimpanzee, Jacqueline, born in the Zoo last November. They have similar meals, each taking some milk from a feeding-bottle six times a day, with fruit and fruit-juice at intervals.

PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT NEWS: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



A GERMAN TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: THE FOCKE WULF CONDOR COMMERCIAL AEROPLANE WELCOMED AT BERLIN AFTER FLYING TO NEW YORK AND BACK.

The Focke Wulf Condor monoplane "Brandenburg" left Berlin on August 10 and flew to New York in 25 hours. She returned to Berlin from New York in 19 hours 54 minutes, thereby breaking Wiley Post's record for this distance (made in 1933). A huge welcome was organised for the airmen at the Tempelhof aerodrome. The machine is an ordinary commercial type, to which extra petrol tanks had been added. In the foreground of our photograph is seen the smiling figure of Captain von Moreau, one of the pilots, with Captain Henke behind him. (Associated Press.)



THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE SEND A MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET: A CRATE CONTAINING TWENTY PACKING-CASES ARRIVES IN LONDON.

Twenty packing-cases filled with gifts, towards which hundreds of thousands of French school-children have subscribed, were recently delivered at Buckingham Palace for Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, in memory of the royal visit to France. The gifts comprise two dolls, each with a complete outfit of clothes in trunks, two miniature cars, cradles, and baby carriages. The crate containing the cases is here seen arriving at the Bricklayers' Arms goods station. (Topical.)



MILITARY HONOURS FOR AN OFFICER AND HIS BABY DAUGHTER WHOM HE HAD TRIED TO SAVE FROM A FIRE: THE FUNERAL OF FLYING-OFFICER SWANN AT CARDINGTON, WITH R.A.F. MEN LINING THE ROUTE—ARRIVING AT THE CEMETERY.

Flying-Officer C. N. Swann, of the Royal Air Force, was buried with military honours at Cardington, on August 15, along with his seven-months-old daughter Patricia, whom he had tried to save when

his house at Wootton, Bedfordshire, was destroyed by fire a few days before. He died, from severe burns, in the Bedford County Hospital on August 12. The child's nurse, Miss Violet Vincent, also lost her life in the fire. Her funeral took place in Bedford. Flying-Officer Swann, who was twenty-eight, was a son of the late Major E. E. Swann, and Mrs. Swann, of Douglas, Isle of Man. Last year he married Miss Elizabeth Anne Lawrence, daughter of the late Sir William Lawrence and Lady Lawrence, of Dorking. He went to Cardington R.A.F. depot in January 1937 and was in charge of No. 1 balloon training unit. (Keystone.)



THE MEASURE OF NEW YORK'S ENTHUSIASM FOR CORRIGAN, THE ATLANTIC FLYER: CLEARING UP SOME OF THE 1900 TONS OF PAPER EMPTIED ON HIM.

In spite of sweltering heat, half a million wildly enthusiastic New Yorkers turned out to welcome Douglas Corrigan, the thirty-one-year-old airman who flew the Atlantic "by mistake." There was the traditional shower of ticker tape, torn telephone books, and the contents of waste-paper baskets, the results of which are illustrated here. The tonnage of paper emptied on the hero was estimated at 1900, greater than the 1750 tons achieved by Lindbergh! (Keystone.)



A DISCOVERY REVEALING FORGERIES OF 700 YEARS AGO: A HOARD OF THIRTEENTH-CENTURY COINS OF HENRY III'S REIGN, FOUND AT HORNCHURCH.

While excavating recently near the Parish Church at Hornchurch, Essex, workmen found 450 old coins, mostly dating from the reign of Henry III. (1216-1272), and including some Scottish and Irish. Two pieces were counterfeits, proving the existence of false coinage in those days. An inquest was held on them, and the coroner said that the Treasury would keep those of antiquarian value and return the rest to be divided among the finders. (Planet News.)

VIENNA HONOURS "MARTYRED HEROES" OF THE 1934 ANTI-DOLLFUSS RISING.



COMMEMORATING VIENNESE POLICEMEN AT THE PLACE OF THEIR EXECUTION FOR HAVING TAKEN PART IN THE ATTACK ON THE CHANCELLERY IN 1934: POLICE LAYING WREATHS BESIDE FOUR BLACK-DRAPED PILLARS BEARING THE

MEN'S NAMES, OUTSIDE THE CENTRAL PRISON, AFTER A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

On August 13, some 1200 Viennese policemen and 800 torchbearers marched through Vienna, amid the sound of muffled drums, to the central prison, where, at 11 p.m. on August 13, 1934, four policemen were executed for joining in the raid on the Chancellery when Dr. Dollfuss was assassinated. The procession reached the prison at 10.50 p.m., and memorial wreaths

were laid at the base of four black-draped pillars bearing the names of the men executed. In the "Gallows Yard" within the prison, four other posts had been erected to mark the actual scene of the execution. In reading out the names, the Vice-Chief of Police spoke of the four men as "martyred heroes." (*Associated Press.*)

THE "QUEEN MARY" REGAINS THE ATLANTIC BLUE RIBAND FOR BRITAIN.



AFTER HAVING BROKEN THE RECORD FOR THE FASTEST CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC IN BOTH DIRECTIONS: THE CUNARD WHITE STAR LINER "QUEEN MARY" DOCKING AT SOUTHAMPTON, WITH HER DECKS AND FUNNELS FLOODLIT, IN THE EARLY HOURS OF AUGUST 15, ON HER RETURN FROM NEW YORK.

The "Queen Mary" docked at Southampton at 2.52 a.m. on August 15, at the end of her record-breaking run from New York. She had traversed nearly 3000 miles of ocean to the Bishop Rock, Scilly Isles (the terminal point for record purposes), nearly half a knot faster than the "Normandie," which made the previous record a year ago with an average speed

of 31'20 knots. The "Queen Mary's" average speed to the Bishop Rock was 31'69 knots, and to Cherbourg 31'72. On the outward voyage she had averaged 30'99 knots, against the "Normandie's" 30'58, and made the fastest westbound crossing, the fastest day's run, and, in actual steaming time, the fastest crossing in either direction. (*Fox.*)

MIMIC MOUNTAIN WARFARE IN A MAGNIFICENT ALPINE SETTING: THE FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES.



THE IMPOSING "THEATRE OF WAR" IN WHICH THE FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES WERE CONDUCTED: A COLUMN OF TROOPS WINDING DOWN INTO THE VALLEY AFTER OPERATIONS IN THE FRENCH ALPS ROUND BRIANÇON. (Associated Press.)



SHELTERED BENEATH A ROCK HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS: A PARTY OF FRENCH CHASSEURS ALPINS AT AN ADVANCED POST—A GROUP OF THREE MEN IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND FIRING THROUGH A SCAFFS AT THE "ENEMY." (Wide World.)



THE USE OF FOLIAGE AS CAMOUFLAGE FOR ARTILLERY: A BIG GUN WITH ITS CREW READY FOR ACTION DURING THE FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES HELD IN THE ALPINE REGION OF SAVOY. (Associated Press.)



FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS PROVIDE A PICTURESQUE TOUCH IN THE OPERATIONS: A DETACHMENT OF ALGERIAN SPAHIS, MOUNTED ON ARAB STALLIONS, GALLOPING THROUGH WOODED COUNTRY AMONG THE YOTHILLS. (Associated Press.)



"WAR" AMONG ALPINE PEAKS AT AN ALTITUDE OF OVER 6000 FT.: A PARTY OF FRENCH CHASSEURS ALPINS SHOW THEMSELVES EXPERT MOUNTAINEERS AND ROCK-CLIMBERS AS THEY OCCUPY AN UNASSAILABLE POSITION. (Central Press.)



A POPULAR ELEMENT IN THE FRENCH ALPINE FORCES: A GROUP OF ST. BERNARD DOGS, TRAINED FOR MILITARY PURPOSES, IN THE CONCLUDING PARADE BEFORE CHECKING CROWDS AT THE END OF THE MANŒUVRES. (Keystone.)



A SPECIAL MOUNTAIN TANK "IN ACTION" DURING THE FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES AMONG THE SAVOY ALPS: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW THE LATEST FORMS OF MECHANISATION MAY BE UTILISED IN MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN. (Keystone.)

Since the military power of France is so important a factor in the problem of preserving European security, unusual interest was taken in the recent manoeuvres of the French Army, which were held in the Savoy Alps, not far from the Italian border. In the matter of picturesque surroundings, no

setting could have been more magnificent than the rugged and snow-clad peaks of this Alpine region. From a military point of view, they provided an ideal "theatre" for the mimic mountain war which formed the scheme of operations, and, in particular, tested to the full the famous Chasseurs Alpins

from the Savoy and Dauphiny districts. Several regiments of these fine troops took part in the exercises, and showed remarkable efficiency in mountain warfare at an altitude of over 6000 ft. The plans provided for a double assault on two strongly fortified passes, under conditions rendered as difficult as

possible. The Chasseurs were supported by French Colonial troops, including Algerian Spahis and the Tirailleurs of Tunis. The manoeuvres were watched by President Lebrun and M. Daladier, the French Premier, besides military experts representing nearly every nation in Europe.

THE JAPANESE REACH KIUKIANG IN THEIR YANGTZE DRIVE: OPERATIONS IN DIFFICULT COUNTRY NEAR THE BIG PORT.



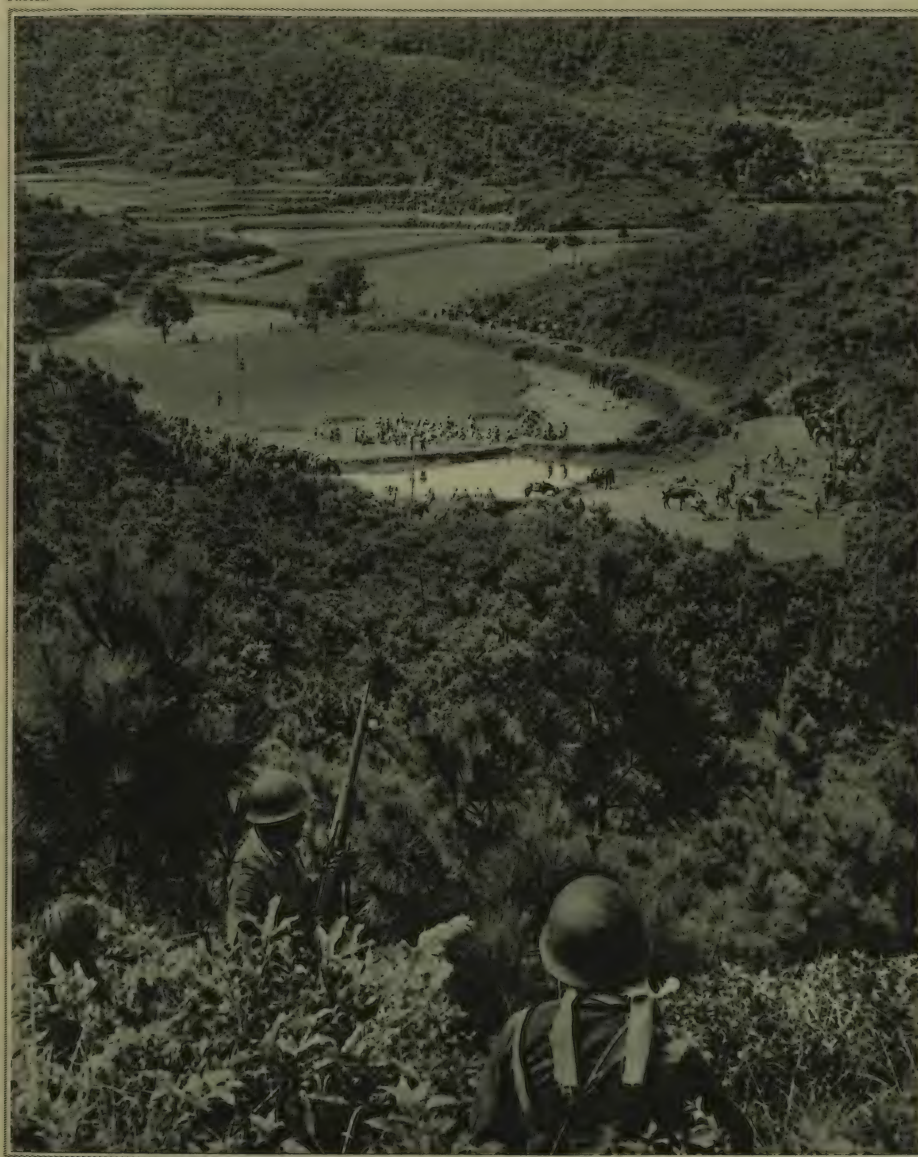
THE JAPANESE REACH KIUKIANG, THE BIG PORT 140 MILES BELOW HANKOW, IN THEIR YANGTZE ADVANCE: BARGES BRINGING TROOPS AND SUPPLIES ASHORE, AFTER THE FALL OF THE TOWN.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF OPERATING ROUND KIUKIANG, WHERE THE JAPANESE TOOK THREE WEEKS TO ADVANCE FIFTEEN MILES AND THEN APPEAR TO HAVE HALTED, AT LEAST TEMPORARILY: GETTING A LIGHT GUN INTO POSITION BY MAN-POWER IN A COUNTRY OF HILLS COVERED WITH TREES AND LOW SCRUB.

Initial operations of the Japanese during their advance up the Yangtze towards Hankow were illustrated in our last issue. We here show their troops in the neighbourhood of Kiukiang, the big port, about 140 miles below Hankow, which fell to them at the end of last month. After this had happened, the advance slowed down, if it did not come to a standstill. Possible

reasons for this were floods, the tense situation on the Manchukuo border, and stiffening Chinese resistance. The Japanese recently began a southward advance from Kiukiang towards Nanchang, the capital of Kiangsi Province, but they abandoned it. The Chinese reported that they had occupied two towns thus abandoned and secured large quantities of supplies left behind



JAPANESE OPERATIONS IN THE KIUKIANG AREA: A PICKET ON THE LOOK-OUT ON THE CREST OF A WOODED HILL, WHILE THE MAIN BODY COLLECTS IN THE VALLEY BELOW—ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE KIND OF COUNTRY ENCOUNTERED.

by the Japanese. The taking of Kiukiang was preceded by preliminary movements which secured for the Japanese a footing in Kutang, opposite to Hukow, and a relentless bombardment of the Lion Hill forts. Troops marched on the fort from the east, while sailors attacked from the river. The Japanese had landed at Hukow on July 4, so that this advance of fifteen miles had

taken them three weeks. The dykes at Kiukiang had been broken and the aerodrome was flooded to a depth of five feet. The Chinese forces, it appears, had begun to evacuate Kiukiang on July 24. Japanese reports claimed that their opponents had suffered nearly 10,000 casualties in the fighting round Kiukiang; if so, it does not seem to have affected their morale.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND A ROYAL EVENT.



MISS ELISABETH SCOTT.

Architect of the new Fawcett building at Newnham College, Cambridge, which was opened by Queen Mary during her visit on August 12. Miss Scott won the competition for designing the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. She holds the position of architect to Newnham College.



QUEEN MARY'S VISIT TO NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, TO OPEN A NEW EXTENSION: RECEIVING A PURSE FROM MISS HITCHCOCK, A BLIND THEOLOGICAL STUDENT, WHO WAS GUIDED BY A FRIEND.



DR. LEO. FROBENIUS.

The well-known explorer and archaeologist. Died August 9; aged sixty-five. He made a number of journeys of scientific investigation in various parts of Africa, including one to Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, in 1928. Developed the so-called "doctrine of cultural continuity." Contributed numerous articles to "The Illustrated London News."



VICE-ADMIRAL C. E. KENNEDY-PURVIS.

Appointed President, R.N. College, Greenwich, and Vice-Admiral commanding R.N. War College, in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir Sidney Bailey. At present, commands First Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean. A specialist in signals and wireless, having served as Director of the Signal Department at the Admiralty.



MAJOR J. F. FERGUSON.

Deputy Assistant Police Commissioner at Peckham. Appointed Commandant at the Metropolitan Police College at Hendon in succession to Colonel G. H. R. Halland, appointed an Inspector of Constabulary. Joined the Metropolitan Police as a Chief Constable in 1933, after serving in the Durham Light Infantry.



LORD RAYLEIGH.

President of the British Association for its present meetings at Cambridge. Chairman, the Executive Committee, National Physical Laboratory. His most notable publications include works on the origin of radium, radium and the earth's heat, the universal distribution of helium, and the Aurora Borealis.



QUEEN MARY AT NEWNHAM: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING PURSES FROM LITTLE DONORS; WITH THE PRINCIPAL, MISS STRACHEY, BESIDE HER.

Queen Mary visited Cambridge from Sandringham on August 12 to open the new Fawcett building at Newnham College. More than 900 guests in summer frocks and academic dress assembled to welcome her. The Rev. G. A. Weekes, Master of Sidney Sussex College, announced that her Majesty had become the first member and contributor to the new Society of Friends of Newnham College. After Queen Mary had declared the building open, 43 purses in aid of the Newnham Building Fund were presented. One of these presentations was made by Miss Ruth Hitchcock, the blind student who recently took a double first in theology. In an address, Miss J. P. Strachey, the Principal, described Queen Mary as the first Queen who had befriended a Cambridge women's college.



SIR WILLIAM SEEDS, K.C.M.G.

Appointed Ambassador in Moscow, in succession to Lord Chilton, who is retiring. Previously Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro. Has been Minister to Colombia (1923-25), Venezuela (1925-26), and Albania (1926-28); and was then British High Commissioner in the Rhineland. Was appointed Ambassador to Brazil in 1930.



MR. HAROLD ISHERWOOD KAY.

Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery since 1934. Died, August 10; aged forty-four. Assistant at the Tate Gallery, 1921; and at the National Gallery, 1922. He served in the Great War, and was taken prisoner in 1918. His publications included John Sell Cotman's letters from Nonnamdy (Walpole Society Annual).



SIR LANDON RONALD.

Formerly Principal of the Guildhall School of Music; and a distinguished orchestral conductor and composer. Died August 14; aged sixty-five. Well known for his study and interpretation of the work of Elgar. Took charge of the Albert Hall orchestra, 1908. Composer of the song "Down in the Forest Something Stirred."



A GREAT LONDON LANDMARK "IN SPLINTS": THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT UNDER SCAFFOLDING

For some time past, a network of steel scaffolding has gradually ascended the exterior of the Victoria Tower, and it recently rose above the topmost pinnacles, as seen in the above photograph. Thus one of London's most conspicuous landmarks, so familiar to tourists as well as to natives, has long worn an unusual aspect. This great structure, 75 ft. square, 336 ft. high to the top of the pinnacles, and 400 ft. to the top of the flagstaff, is said to be the loftiest square tower in existence.

The flag, 12 yards long by 9 yards wide, when flown by day, indicates that the House is sitting. The tower has 11 storeys and is regarded as absolutely fireproof. It is used for storing documents, and to it are brought the voting papers after every General Election to be kept for a certain period. It forms part of the Houses of Parliament designed by Sir Charles Barry after the great fire of 1834, and erected between 1840 and 1850 at a cost of nearly £3,000,000.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DAVIS, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S CHIEF PORT—BRATISLAVA: HISTORIC SPOTS

SKETCHES BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU, OUR

ANCIENT Bratislava, whose history goes back to beyond the Middle Ages, is the chief port of the Czechoslovak Republic, and one of the most flourishing on the whole of the Danube, by means of which it has access to the Black Sea and the East. It lies protected by a fortified bridgehead on the right (Austrian) bank of the Danube, humorously christened "the little Maginot line" by the Czechs. Ships of considerable size nowadays come right up from the Black Sea to the city, a deep channel being kept open by constant dredging. An indication of the growth and prosperity of the town is that its trade has increased at least ten times in volume since the years immediately preceding the war. But Bratislava has also a great historical past—it was the Coronation town of the monarchs of the Habsburg dynasty; and these two aspects of its greatness are reflected in the contrast between the modern architecture which has sprung up round the core of old mediæval Gothic and Baroque buildings. Like most other Central European towns, its past has been somewhat troublous. During the Crusades it played a part as a convenient place of crossing over the Danube. Eventually, however, passage through it had to be forbidden owing to the outbreaks of fighting

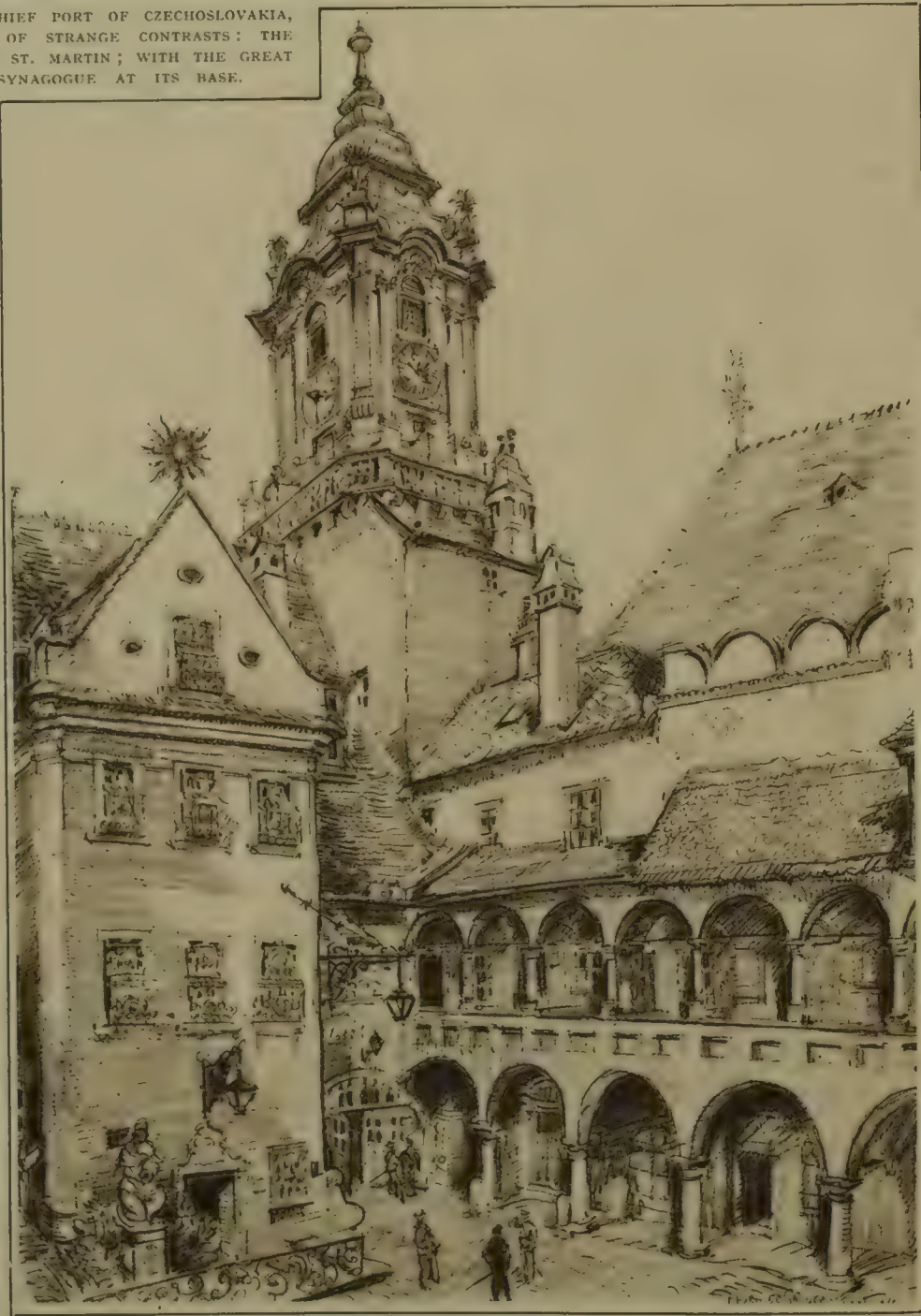


and the destruction wrought in the town by the armies of various nationalities. The castle was formerly a Habsburg royal residence. It was burned down in 1811, and never restored. It was there that Maria Theresa, on the eve of war with Frederick the Great, in 1741, received the representatives of the Hungarian Estates or House of Nobility. On that occasion was heard the historic cry of the Hungarian nobles, "We will give our lives and our blood for Queen Maria Theresa"—an outburst of loyalty which, however, was not unconnected with promises of exemption from taxation. In November 1805 the French cavalry appeared on the banks of the Danube, east of Vienna, and it was at Bratislava that peace was signed after Austerlitz. This Peace of Pressburg (that being the German name of Bratislava) was a step in Napoleon's grandiose eastern projects, with Austria as a link with Constantinople—grandiose schemes which came to nothing. Finally, it was at Bratislava that the Imperial Diets were held in the old Habsburg days—from 1802 until 1848—the year of the ill-starred risings triumphed over by Habsburg absolutism.

BRATISLAVA, CHIEF PORT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, AND A CITY OF STRANGE CONTRASTS: THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARTIN; WITH THE GREAT JEWISH SYNAGOGUE AT ITS BASE.



BRATISLAVA THE HISTORIC: THE ST. MICHAEL TOWER ON THE CITY RAMPARTS, WHICH SAW THE ENTRANCE OF MARIA THERESA, AND OTHER GREAT ONES.



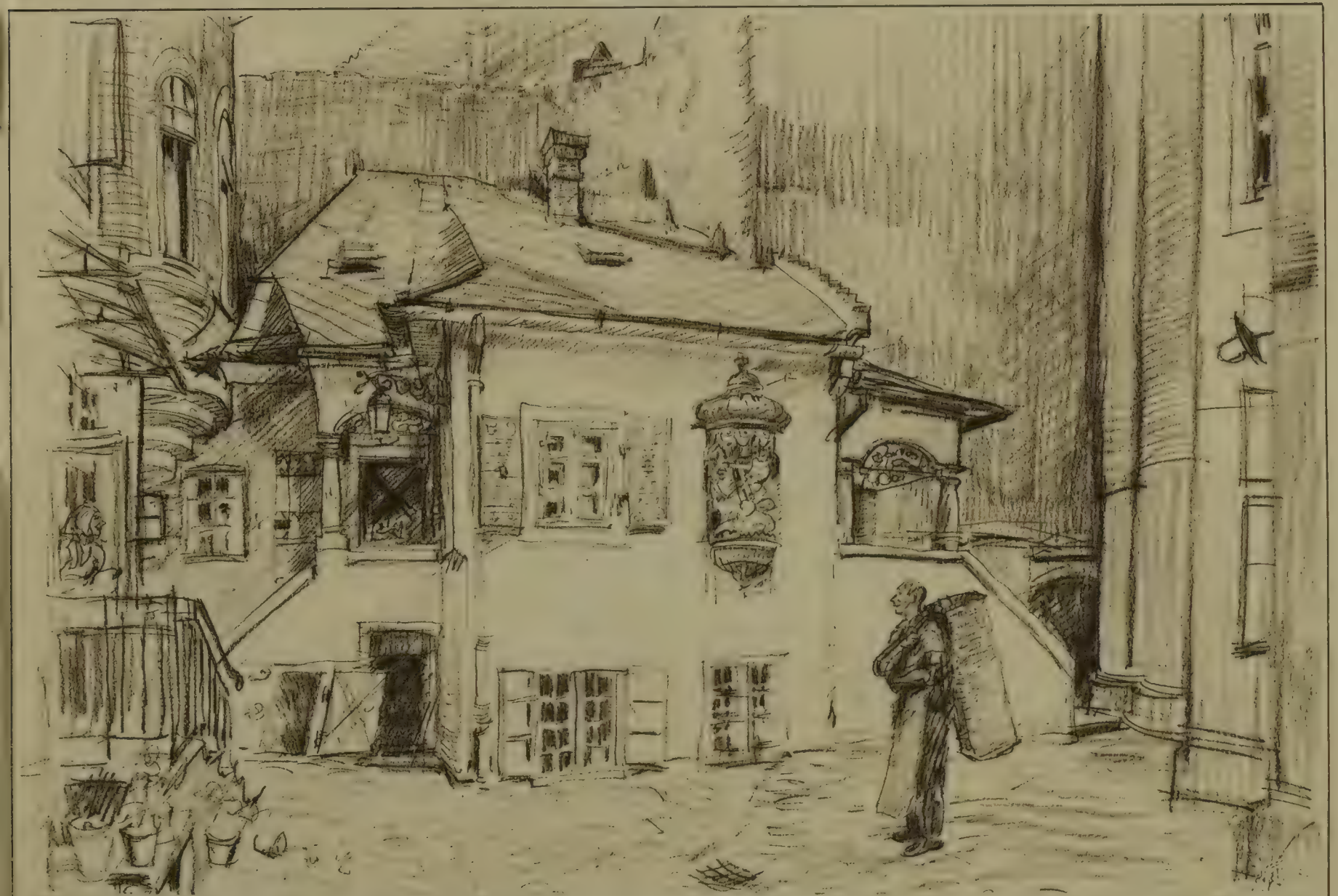
THE OLD TOWN HALL OF BRATISLAVA, ONE CORNER OF WHICH IS STILL BEING USED AS POLICE HEADQUARTERS: A RICH CONGREGATION OF VARIED STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE.

IN A THRIVING DANUBE CITY; SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SPECIAL ARTIST, RECENTLY IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.



IN THE JEWISH QUARTER OF BRATISLAVA: A HOUSE WITH A WONDERFUL LITTLE BAROQUE FAÇADE AT A STREET JUNCTION IN THE OLD GHETTO, LYING IN THE SHADOW OF ST. MARTIN'S CATHEDRAL.



AN HISTORIC RELIC AT BRATISLAVA, NOW COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY MODERN BUILDINGS: THE HOME OF J. N. HUMMEL, THE COMPOSER (BORN 1778), WHICH CAN NOW ONLY BE REACHED BY GOING THROUGH ANOTHER HOUSE.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



GIANT TORTOISES AND THE PROBLEM OF "SPECIFIC DIFFERENCES."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

TO define the term "species," to satisfy the requirements of a dictionary, would not be a very difficult matter. We might call it "a group of individuals all sharing certain peculiarities of coloration or structure in common." But among students of natural history the definition of "What is a species?" since the publication of Darwin's immortal book on the Origin of Species, has been a thorn in the flesh. For when a large number of individuals, apparently all of the same species, comes to

produced is unassailable, though there may be, and have been, differences of opinion in regard to details.

Let us accept this interpretation and turn to our tortoises, for they have much to show us in the matter of the evolution of new species. This, we are told, is largely, if not entirely, due to "environmental conditions." But the insistence on such conditions does not seem to be justified by a study of these tortoises. Though on the smaller islands each has its own species, more than one is to be found on the larger, and all, be it remembered, must have been isolated where we find them, for thousands and thousands of years. Now when there are three or more species living on the same island, and so under the same "environmental conditions," how could they have come to differ, and in many

neck, from which the skin descends like a curtain to envelop its base. In the typical tortoises this region of the shell presses downwards, so as to leave no more than sufficient room for the free play of the neck, and into the crevice thus formed the short neck can be drawn. A precisely similar shell of this curious type is found in another great tortoise of this group of islands, the Abingdon Island tortoise (Fig. 3); and we find an almost identical replica of these two Galapagos tortoises in Daudini's Tortoise (*T. daudini*), of the South Island of Aldabra, in the Indian Ocean, thousands of miles away! This species, by the way, is stated by some authorities to be the largest of all the giant tortoises. In one specimen the shell measured nearly five feet in length. The animal weighed 560 lb. But, as was shown by the late Lord Rothschild, who made a special study of the giant tortoises, and had the good fortune to secure living specimens, the largest of all was *Testudo elephantina*, of North Aldabra Island. A specimen in the British Museum of Natural History weighed 870 lb.! The Aldabras are coral islands; the Galapagos Islands are formed of the tops of extinct volcanoes; hence the



1. BELIEVED TO BE NEARLY 200 YEARS OLD: A SPECIMEN OF THE ELEPHANTINE TORTOISE (*TESTUDO GIGANTEA*), FROM THE SEYCHELLES, ISLANDS IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

The Elephantine Tortoise (*Testudo gigantea*) is a species transferred by the sixteenth-century navigators from Aldabra. The general form of the shell is that of the typical tortoise, the forepart of the shell turning down towards the breast-bone seen just under the head.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith. (Copyright.)

be closely examined, it will be found that, apart from allowances to be made for differences in seasonal changes and sex, the particular collection of specimens under examination proves to be divisible into several "sub-groups"—at least, when this examination is made by an expert. They are generally described as "geographical races," due to climatic differences; such, for example, as in many of our British birds, which differ more or less markedly from their Continental counterparts. There, for the present, I must leave the matter, which is, however, one of more importance than it would seem to be to one who has never had occasion to interest himself in the subject.

This problem of "specific differences" has been brought, very forcibly, to my mind recently by a survey of the now nearly extinct giant tortoises. Of the wanton, reckless slaughter of these animals, which began towards the end of the seventeenth century and continued for a hundred years, for the provisioning of ships, I can say nothing now, but it has deprived the world of some of its living wonders and of a source of information and inspiration as to the agencies at work in the fashioning of living bodies which cannot be too deeply deplored. Moreover, they also afford us some astonishing facts touching on the distribution of land and water, and "lost continents," in the dim and distant past; for these creatures, for thousands of years, lived "marooned" on clusters of islands separated from one another by many thousands of miles.

What led to this "giantism"? Most of us have come to believe that life in even a relatively cramped area leads to "dwarfism," and the development of "pygmies."

But let me get to the facts. These giant tortoises are distributed among three groups of islands—to wit, the Mascarene Islands (Réunion, Mauritius, and Rodriguez) and the Seychelles (Fig. 1); Aldabra, in the Indian Ocean, off the east coast of Africa; and the Galapagos Islands, lying on the Equator off the west coast of South America. As these are all relatively small islands, distant from one another, and far from the nearest mainland—as much as 500 miles in the case of the Galapagos Islands—one may well ask how stump-footed creatures such as tortoises ever reached these retreats.

The geologists and the authorities on the geographical distribution of animals between them have explained the mystery. They have shown us that these islands were all at one time part of their nearest mainland, and, furthermore, that the Galapagos tortoises were marooned, long ages ago, by the submergence of a great continental area extending across the ocean to South America; while Africa likewise was connected with India by way of Madagascar and the Seychelles. By slow submergence, the whole of this vast land surface disappeared beneath the sea, leaving but these islands, and their fauna and flora, as a record of such tremendous happenings! The evidence they have

instances very conspicuously so, as a consequence of these "conditions"?

The changes of form which they present seem



2. A CONTRAST TO THE ELEPHANTINE TORTOISE IN THE RAISED FOREPART OF THE SHELL: THE SADDLE-BACK TORTOISE (*TESTUDO EPHIPPIMUM*)—A SPECIMEN FROM DUNCAN ISLAND, IN THE GALAPAGOS.

The Saddle-back Tortoise is one of the species that still survive in the Galapagos. The forepart of the shell is here raised up to form a great "penthouse" over the head, contrasting strongly with that of the Elephantine Tortoise (Fig. 1).

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith. (Copyright.)

"environment" in the matter of soil and vegetation is very different in the two areas. What we may call a half-way stage in this opening-up of the forepart of the shell is seen in the North Aldabran species (*T. gigantea*), where the aperture is much wider than in the typical tortoise, but very much less than in the species just mentioned. We cannot, as I say, ascribe these differences to "environment"!

Now comes another point of a similar kind. Three of these giants—*Testudo ephippium* (Fig. 2), and *T. abingdoni* (Fig. 3), of the Galapagos Islands, and *T. vosmaeri*, of Rodriguez, to the west of Madagascar—have extremely thin shells. This has been attributed to the fact that, living where there are no large mammals, or other predatory foes, they do not need a thick shell. A more likely interpretation is that, on account of the great size of the shell, the supply of bone-forming material has been inadequate. For we get a similar state of affairs, be it noted, in the bony syrinx of many of the duck tribe, wherein this syrinx, or voice-organ, takes the form of a bulb at the end of the windpipe. But in the mergansers this "bulb" has been enlarged to form a great, more or less triangular chamber, and here, from lack of sufficient bone-forming material, three great spaces, or "windows," have been formed, filled in by a delicate sheet of membrane. Surely, then, these thin shells, found in species so far apart as the Galapagos and the Indian Ocean, cannot be attributed to the effects of "environment," since the other "giants" show no such peculiarity. But why has it appeared in any of them?

Finally, as I have already said, giant tortoises cannot be regarded as the result of life in isolated and relatively small islands; for there are fossilised remains of a tortoise (*Testudo atlas*), whose shell had a length of eight feet, from the Lower Pliocene of India (Sivaliks), and we have another, nearly as large, in *T. ammon*, from the Upper Eocene of Egypt. Yet another but lesser giant, *T. perpiniana*, lived in the south of France during Pliocene times, while in late Tertiary times giant land-tortoises lived in North America and in Patagonia. Were these fossil species the ancestors of these giants of more modern times, and what brought about their extinction, which occurred before the advent of man?



3. ONE OF THREE SPECIES WITH EXTREMELY THIN SHELLS, DUE PROBABLY TO INADEQUATE BONE-FORMING MATERIAL RATHER THAN TO ENVIRONMENT: THE ABINGDON ISLAND TORTOISE (*TESTUDO ABINGDONI*) FROM THE GALAPAGOS.

Herein, as in the Saddle-back Tortoise, the shell is widely open in front, a peculiarity also found in Daudini's Tortoise, of the South Island of Aldabra. The two Galapagos species are remarkable for the thinness of their shells, as likewise is Vosmaer's Giant Tortoise, of the island of Rodriguez.

Photograph by E. J. Manly. (Copyright.)

rather to be manifestations not of conditions imposed by the "environment," but of internal, inherent, physiological changes, in the direction of growth, which are yet to be discovered. Take, for example, the great Saddle-back Tortoise (*Testudo ephippium*) (Fig. 2), one of the Galapagos tortoises, from Duncan Island. Herein the forepart of the shell is raised upwards to form a great hood above the

DRAMATIC AIR-RAID TESTS IN A JAPANESE ZOO: PRACTISING THE RECAPTURE OF ESCAPED ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAPAN PHOTO LIBRARY.



THE RECAPTURE OF AN ALLIGATOR WHICH HAD ENJOYED A FEW MINUTES OF UNEXPECTED FREEDOM: THE GREAT REPTILE, ROPED TO A STRETCHER, BEING CARRIED BACK TO ITS QUARTERS IN THE OSAKA ZOO.



NOT A QUESTION OF COPING WITH A DANGEROUS BEAST: THE METHOD EMPLOYED TO CATCH A RELEASED CRANE—A GROUP OF KEEPERS SURROUNDING THE BIRD WITH HIGH SCREENS OF BAMBOO AND STRAW.



USING A MOUNTED SPECIMEN MOVED RAPIDLY, AFTER THE MANNER OF AN ELECTRIC HARE ON A GREYHOUND RACING TRACK: LASSOING AN ANTELOPE—PRACTICE IN THE METHOD OF RECAPTURING ANY FLEET-FOOTED ANIMAL.

An interesting test, which might perhaps afford useful data to the London Zoo, was carried out recently in the Japanese Zoo at Osaka. One morning, while a crowd was sauntering about the grounds, there was a sudden explosion, and loud-speakers announced: "All visitors are requested to be on their guard. A boar has escaped." The ensuing commotion was soon allayed, however, by the next announcement: "Keep calm! This is part of the anti-air-raid practice." The boar had been purposely released to enact a scene which might occur if a bomb actually struck the



THE MOST FORMIDABLE ANIMAL WITH WHICH THE OSAKA ZOO-KEEPERS HAD TO DEAL IN THE AIR-RAID TEST: A RAMPAGING WILD BOAR RECAPTURED IN A NET AFTER TWELVE MINUTES OF LIBERTY.

Zoo, and was recaptured by keepers with a stout net. The next creature let out was a large alligator. Two men with an iron rod, rope and a stout pole approached it gingerly and applied the jaw-and-proboscis clamp. Then it was tied securely to a stretcher and carried back to its quarters. The recapture of a released crane was a more delicate affair. It was caught by surrounding it with several flexible 8-ft. screens made of straw and bamboo. The lassoing of an antelope was performed, not with a living animal, but a mounted specimen moved rapidly on a kind of scooter

A NIGERIAN FOREST MYSTERY: MASSED STATUES OF UNKNOWN

PHOTOGRAPHS 1 TO 5, 7 AND 10 BY E. H. DUCKWORTH; NOS. 6, 8, 9, 11, 12



1 TO 4 WEST AFRICAN NATIVE SCULPTURE OF MYSTERIOUS ORIGIN RECENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT: STONE FIGURES AT ESIE, SOUTHERN NIGERIA, SHOWING DETAIL OF COSTUME.



7. PREVIOUS EVIDENCE OF ANCIENT NIGERIAN STONE-CARVING: A SCULPTURE AT IFE, IN OYO PROVINCE—SO FAR NOT CONNECTED WITH THE ESIE DISCOVERIES.



8. "A FANTASTIC SPECTACLE, AS IF A LEGION OF DWARFS, GNOMES AND PHANTOMS HAD PAUSED IN THIS CLEARING FOR A BRIEF REST": THE AMAZING ASSEMBLAGE OF STONE FIGURES AT ESIE, IN A SACRED GROVE DEVOTED TO ANCESTOR WORSHIP AND FERTILITY RITES.



9. SHOWING THE NUPE TRIBAL MARK—THREE PARALLEL CUTS BESIDE THE EYE—INCISED ON ALL THE HEADS: ONE OF THE STONE FIGURES AT ESIE.



10. THE HEAD OF A DECAPITATED STATUE AT ESIE, WEARING A KIND OF CROWN: ANOTHER EXAMPLE SHOWING THE TRIBAL MARK OF THE NUPE.



11. A SINISTER TYPE, WITH PROGNATHOUS JAW, WEARING A PLAIN CONICAL HEAD-RESS: ONE OF THE 448 STONE FIGURES AT ESIE.

In the west of Southern Nigeria lies the Negro town of Ilorin, governed by the Muhammadan Emir of the Fulanis, who conquered the ancestor-worshipping Yorubas during the past century. Some thirty miles from Ilorin is the Yoruba village of Esie, and near it is a forest, the centre of the Yoruba fertility cult and associated ancestor worship. In a grove among a group of oil-palms stand the stone ancestors of Esie, surrounded by peregum trees, a kind of aloe commonly planted by the natives round their holy places. It is a fantastic spectacle, as if a legion of dwarfs, gnomes and phantoms had paused

in this clearing for a brief rest, for these figures, made of soapstone, all seem animated, so natural is the disorder in which they squat here on the ground. With one exception, they all sit on mushroom-shaped stools. Their height varies between 20 and 30 inches. Their existence was unknown to Europeans until in 1933 Mr. H. G. Ramshaw, a Catholic Mission Society teacher, heard about them and sought them out. They have only recently come to the knowledge of European archaeologists. It remains problematical how this mass of statues, each different from the rest, came to be here. It is only

ORIGIN USED IN ANCESTOR WORSHIP AND FERTILITY RITES.

AND 13 BY KURT AND MARGOT LEBUSAL (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED)



5. AMONG THE MYSTERIOUS STATUES: A PRIEST WHO STRIKES A BELL AND CALLS TO THE SPIRIT OF THE GROVE, "OLAWA MI AGO." ("HAIL! MY MASTER.")



6. "THESE FIGURES ALL SEEM IN SOME REMARKABLE WAY TO BE ANIMATED": PART OF THE MASS OF NEARLY 450 STONE STATUES, ABOUT HALF REPRESENTING WOMEN—(IN CENTRE FOREGROUND) A FEMALE FIGURE HOLDING A CUTLASS IN HER RIGHT HAND.



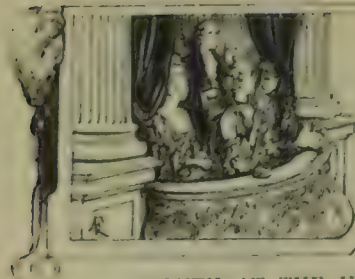
12. SHOWING CURIOUS BODY DECORATION AND FACIAL PATTERNS, INCLUDING THE NUPE TRIBAL MARK (THREE PARALLEL LINES BETWEEN EYE AND EAR), VISIBLE IN SEVERAL OTHER EXAMPLES: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF AN ESIE STATUE.



13. ANOTHER EXAMPLE WITH THE TRIBAL MARK BESIDE THE EYE, KNOWN BY THE NUPE WORD ZAPA: ONE OF THE STONE STATUES AT ESIE BELIEVED TO REPRESENT PEOPLE OF THE ANCIENT NUPE KINGDOM.

certain that all the heads are incised with the tribal mark of the Nupes: three parallel cuts in the face running horizontally back from the eyes. From these tribal marks (locally called *zapa*) it can be concluded that the figures represent a people of the vanished Nupe kingdom. Probably their first owners fled before some powerful enemy, and carried their ancestor images with them, but threw them down when they hindered their flight. There are 448 figures altogether, apparently representing kings, queens and other personages. The art of stone-carving is unknown to the present-day

Nigerian craftsmen, although the ancient stone carvings at Ife, in Oyo Province, show that it was once highly developed in Southern Nigeria. Many of the Esie figures lie headless or partly buried and are white with lichen. The unknown sculptors paid much attention to details of head-dress and costume, but little to the modelling of legs and feet. The figures are attended by a priest, and at certain times the local village women place fertility offerings to the spirit of the grove. One legend connects the figures with pale-skinned strangers from Egypt who offended the god Olurun and were turned to stone.



YOUTH AT THE HELM.

ONE of the most significant differences between the entertainment of to-day and that of an earlier generation is to be seen in what the public nowadays expects—and therefore gets—from its child actors. Gone are the tiny, clinging hands of the "ten dirty little fingers" era, the lace-collared and beribboned specimens of youthful propriety who wrung our grandmothers' hearts with the pretty appeal of their velvet jackets or decorous night-shirts. Even the large-eyed, whimsical adorableness of Jackie Coogan, the immortal "Kid" of Mr. Charles Chaplin's unique tuition, suggests a faint hint of sentimental embarrassment as we turn the pages of memory to these sterner times, in which the delicate chee-ild of the past has become the sturdy *gamin*, the "tough guy" of the present, who not only apes, but often bests, his elders in the game of life, and can fight, steal, and moreover die, with all the nonchalance of a grown and disillusioned man. It is true that on the distaff side we still have—on the screen, at any rate—at least one very pleasant survivor of the old tradition, in the person of Shirley Temple, whose infant charms have for so long held the world of the cinema in thrall. Yet, though for millions of filmgoers Shirley typifies the child of their secret hearts, whether in sweet dream or sweeter reality, even she is the product of her century and background, and it is the skilfully purveyed flavour of sophistication, the suspicion of deftly disguised precocity, which add the salt of excitement to what, without them, might soon become to modern audiences a drug rather than a stimulant. The case of Deanna Durbin is scarcely parallel. For though, having regard to the difference in their ages, she is of the two, perhaps, the less sophisticated, her actual film experience covers a considerably shorter period than that of the younger child, and her fascination rests, therefore, upon a natural, vivid gaiety and lively intelligence which are the product of her personality as well as of her years.

It is when we turn to the young masculine stars—or coming stars—of several recent pictures that we find little or no trace of what used to be regarded as the irresistible appeal of childhood or adolescence. In some cases the reason is that the children themselves are no longer children. There is Jackie Cooper, for example, whose performance in Paramount's "Boy of the Streets" set him apart, once

The World of the Kinema.



the disconcerting little creature was actually acting—and acting remarkably well.

The case of the "Dead End" Kids is, however, the most graphically, even startlingly, representative of the changed conditions laid down for, or demands made upon, to-day's adolescent cadets of the screen. Those who saw



"LITTLE TOUGH GUY," A NEW CHILD PICTURE ON THE LINES OF "DEAD END," AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE: THE YOUTHFUL HOOLIGANS AT GRIPS WITH A POLICEMAN.

The leading character of the "gang" in "Little Tough Guy" is Johnny Boylan, played by Billy Halop. In his case, poverty and injustice border the road that leads to juvenile crime.

that sombre, haunting picture, "Dead End," will remember that not the least of its many impressive aspects were the young slum-dwellers whose cynical humour and hooliganisms formed a vitriolic undercurrent to the main action. In "Little Tough Guy," presented at the Leicester Square Theatre, these same youngsters are the chief protagonists of a film whose tragic and dramatic theme is developed almost entirely in terms of their reactions. And how amazingly these six boys, led by Billy Halop, as the son of the man unjustly convicted and executed for murder, portray the characteristics—cunning, cruelty, vindictiveness, all the dreadful components of "badness" bred and fostered by social conditions and an environment which destroy all sense of proportion and appear to distort justice to their own ends.

Such characterisations demand not only great skill, but intense sincerity, if they are to be made in any way sympathetic to an audience. Despite his extremely difficult material, Billy Halop has magnificently succeeded in making Johnny Boylan not only a credible, but even a lovable figure. We deplore, but we do not misunderstand, his rapid progress from delinquency to major crime. His less volatile, but loyal, subordinates are content to follow a leadership that brings one of them to death from a policeman's bullet, the rest to probationary detention in the State School. The picture ends—perhaps wisely from the box-office point of view—upon a note of emphatic optimism. These human gutter-rats, brought to

wickedness and degradation by forces over which they have no control, are capable of regeneration at the hands of kindness and sympathetic discipline. The process is left to our imagination and to the future. But so sincere is the acting of Billy Halop and his gang, so well balanced and human Mr. Harold Young's direction, that it is only moderately difficult to convince ourselves that these heavily handicapped products of a misdirected social system may, in time, become respectable and law-abiding citizens.

MONGOLIAN COMEDY.

It is not a common experience in the cinema to come across a film from a Russian studio which is so instinct with comedy, so lightly and gracefully treated, as is "Son of Mongolia," the latest presentation of the Progressive Film Institute at the Berkeley Cinema. It is certainly true that much that is original in technique, arresting in photography, or remarkable in content has come from Soviet studios. But these have most often been pictures on the grand scale, immediately classifiable as "in the Russian manner," and having as their *raison d'être* some serious propagandist purpose. "Son of Mongolia" does not seem, to me, at any rate, to lay particular claim to any of these qualifications or distinctions. It has a propagandist trend, to be sure, but this is more in the nature of the individual reaction of a sensitive spirit than a challenge to national or political beliefs. It is, moreover, expressed in the Mongolian language and boasts, so far as I remember, only one English caption to drive it home. That one is almost completely oblivious of the fantastic strangeness of the language of the film is evidence of its intrinsic value as a work of kinematic art. The gentle story of a shepherd who, desiring to appear as a hero in the eyes of his lady, sets forth upon a hazardous journey to discover things for himself, unaware that the travelling monk who sets his feet upon the way has been bribed by a rival to get rid of him, is episodically unfolded against authentic backgrounds



"SING YOU SINNERS," AT THE PLAZA: (L. TO R.) BING CROSBY, DONALD O'CONNOR, AND FRED MACMURRAY, AS THE THREE BROTHERS BEEBE, PRESENTING A COMIC TURN.

In "Sing You Sinners," Joe (Bing Crosby) is the feckless one of the three sons of Mrs. Beebe. However, operations on, and behind, the race-course, with a judicious admixture of song, enable him to make good, and eventually all the brothers take to crooning.



"SON OF MONGOLIA," AT THE BERKELEY CINEMA: TSEVEN, THE HERO (LEFT), WHOSE WANDERINGS PROVIDE THE PLOT OF THIS UNUSUAL, BEAUTIFULLY PRODUCED, FILM.

Tseven wanders over the border of Mongolia into Manchukuo, where he finds an entirely different system of government from that hitherto known to him—the Japanese, ruling through a Chinese prince. He rushes to the defence of a man who is being flogged, and, after a series of amazing adventures, is arrested and condemned, but finally escapes. It is stated to be the first time that Inner Mongolia has been filmed.

and for ever, from the delightful infant of recollection and stamped him as an actor of budding ability. In the same company's "Sing You Sinners" we made the acquaintance of young Donald O'Connor, whose astonishing performance in the triple rôle of actor, accordion-player and singer was so far removed from any suggestion of youthful or engaging prettiness as to make us realise that in those scenes in which the youngest member of the "crazy family" (whose adventures and misfortunes it took all Mr. Bing Crosby's and Mr. Fred MacMurray's time and energy to create and overcome) was called upon to assume the guise of a child,



THE HEROINE OF "SON OF MONGOLIA": A FINE ORIENTAL TYPE IN A FILM IN WHICH THE CAST CONSISTS OF THE ACTORS AND MUSICIANS OF THE MONGOLIAN PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

of the little known state of Inner Mongolia. Desert and garden, country town, wayside tavern, pagodas and palaces, mountains and plains, prisons and circuses are all in the picture, and all reveal a kind of fairy-tale texture that makes the humorous or adventurous happenings among them seem like something seen through the eyes of an intelligent and imaginative child. The little, stout white pony, who carries the hero through so many perils and is always so conveniently at call when required, maintains a neatness of appearance and serenity of demeanour that are of the very essence of childish fantasy. Then there are the clean, tall sheep, whose massed ranks form so handy a hiding-place from irate pursuit and whose mild, inquiring faces turned upon intruders are like the personification of some sentimental ballad. One could multiply such charming factors in this delightful excursion into kinematically new territory almost indefinitely. But the picture must be seen as a whole to be appreciated in all its smiling, childlike humour, its vivid awareness of the significance of simple things; and the admirable acting of the company, whose only description is that of "Actors and musicians of the Mongolian People's Theatre." Each one is perfectly cast, while the performance of the shepherd hero, bland, amorous, mocking, bewildered, pitying, or appropriately boastful, and, at the end, heroically attuned to the serious businesses of love and patriotism, has a smoothness, a directness of attack, and a sharpness of edge that make his every appearance both interesting and amusing.—M. E. N.

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A ROWLANDSON SKETCH-BOOK.

By FRANK DAVIS.

NEARLY a year ago (Nov. 27, 1937) I illustrated some quiet pastoral drawings by Thomas Rowlandson belonging to Major L. M. E. Dent, and pointed out that Rowlandson was now recognised as something a good deal more important and interesting than the most pungent of eighteenth-century satirists. That article was illustrated by three drawings, one of which bore two signatures, one false, the

forger of a past generation thought that the drawing would be more valuable with a signature, so promptly dotted the i's of his own stupidity by providing one—and that's all there is to it. He evidently played this trick on a wholesale scale, for his handiwork is to be seen on numerous other studies, both figure and landscape. Why take the trouble, you may ask, to sign something already signed all over, in every leaf, in every nervous, eloquent line? Blame collectors of his day, who demanded signatures and found a goodly supply awaiting them: the moral is, buy fine quality in works of art, and the authentic signature may reveal itself later—and if it does not, you still have the right thing.

It seems extraordinary how the nineteenth century misjudged Rowlandson; it pretended to be shocked by, and actually rather admired, his occasional indecencies, and entirely failed to recognise his warm humanity, his zest for life, his many-sidedness, his quite genuine feeling for nature. Not that he was ever wholly serious—in his landscapes the figures generally have an impish quality, the dogs a faintly fatuous demeanour, which betrays a mind quick to seize upon the ludicrous. Yet of all people on earth it is the good satirist, the professional funny man, who is moved most by moral indignation, and Rowlandson's rapier-thrusts at folly are no less penetrating than those of David Low. Major Dent has recently acquired a book of 148 drawings which affords endless opportunity for understanding his methods and point of view. The British Museum has five similar sketch-books which were originally from the same collection (E. Gilbertson), and of them one or two of the coloured drawings are more finished versions of those in this book. No doubt a more careful comparison than was possible for me would establish further relationships. The sketches are of all kinds, from slight studies of boats to fairly elaborate compositions of many figures—most of them are rapid jottings intended to be worked up later into something more substantial. The man's industry is no less astonishing than his facility. He is always going about the country, noting places and people, and not the least

folly remains, and here he is to the life, scribbled into the book of judgment. This book is crammed with things of the sort—and less biting comments upon the visible world—washing hanging out and dancing in the wind, postboys cantering, old soldiers talking, milkmaids milking, "Vans from Greenwich to Woolwich 4 miles every half hour Price 6 Pence," a wonderful series of fantasy and fact, providing a portrait of the times more revealing than any series of photographs.

One aspect of his work I have never seen, nor have I found anyone who has. He is said to have exhibited straightforward portraits in oils in the Academy in the 1770's (he was born in 1756), and it is reasonable to suppose that if one appeared at Christie's nobody would recognise it. Among the innumerable eighteenth-century portraits which are always turning up, there must be a few from his hand. They will not be very important pictures, but they will throw light upon his methods as a young painter recently back from France. For him they were a by-road leading nowhere. He soon discovered his real bent, which was caricature—and a would-be fashionable portrait-painter must not be a caricaturist; his clients won't come to him a second time, even if they pay their first bill. Rowlandson's capacity for handling crowds is not



1. ROWLANDSON'S EXCELLENCE AS A TOPOGRAPHICAL ARTIST: A DRAWING OF A SUMMER-HOUSE AT CROOMS HILL, NEAR GREENWICH—FROM A BOOK OF HIS SKETCHES RECENTLY SOLD IN LONDON. There is an example of this drawing, worked up, in the British Museum. In this, colour has been added and the occupation of the young couple has been changed to that of fishing in a pond. The building is still in existence.

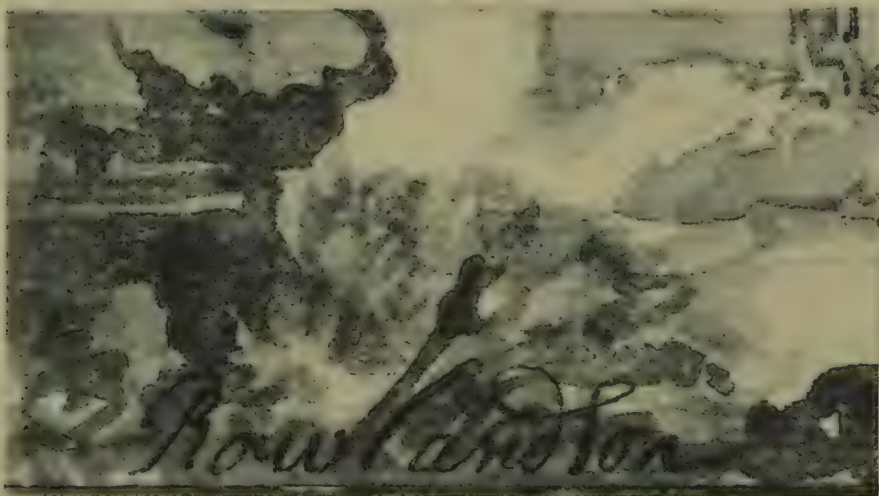
other authentic. Signatures in themselves are of no overwhelming importance, though when they are genuine they clinch any possible argument, but to find the false and the true on a single picture seemed a sufficient curiosity to merit attention. I apologised at the time for not being able to show these two

of his virtues is his topographical accuracy. One drawing, for example, is of a building still in existence at Crooms Hill, Greenwich (Fig. 1)—the excuse is a pleasant little idyll; the result is a charming scene, with the building accurately observed and set down on paper. This drawing appears in one of the British



2. ROWLANDSON IN HIS FAMILIAR SATIRICAL VEIN: ANOTHER DRAWING IN THE SAME SKETCH-BOOK, POKING FUN AT PRETENTIOUS WOULD-BE CONNOISSEURS.

the least of his virtues, and is nowhere more evident than in some of the smallest sketches. There is one here, for example, about 2 in. by 4 in., a preliminary idea for a well-known much larger water-colour—indeed, for more than one—of a feast in the grounds of Ham House (Mr. Harry Harris has one, and there



3. A FORGER REVEALED BY HIS OWN STUPIDITY: TWO CORNERS OF A ROWLANDSON DRAWING—THAT ON THE RIGHT BEARING A FALSE SIGNATURE ADDED BY THE INDUSTRIOUS COUNTERFEITER, WHO HAD FAILED TO NOTICE THE GENUINE ONE AMONG THE FOLIAGE IN THE OTHER CORNER (LEFT)!

(All Reproductions by Courtesy of Major L. M. E. Dent, D.S.O.)

signatures in a small reproduction. Major Dent now sends me two photographs which make good this omission. Fig. 3 (left), the lower left-hand corner of the drawing, shows the original signature; Fig. 3 (right), the lower right-hand corner, the false. The appearance of these two on the same sheet is easily explained. The genuine one is not immediately distinguished amid the dark vegetation of the foreground, and a silly

Museum sketch-books in colours, but with the young couple fishing in a pond, and the dog lying asleep beside them.

Another facet of Rowlandson's mind is to be seen in such a drawing as Fig. 2. We are all familiar with the pretentious, would-be connoisseur: he was as richly comic when he wore a wig as he is to-day beneath his own thatch of hair; fashion changes, but

was a version in one of the Frank Sabin Exhibitions a year or so ago), in which quite fifty persons are indicated and a dozen of them brilliantly individualised; another, rather larger, shows a meet—hounds, followers and spectators—in a few summary strokes of the pen which—and I say this of set purpose—Rembrandt himself would have admired, and, for all I know, is admiring at this very moment in Elysium.

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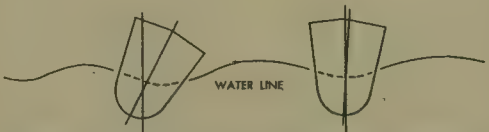
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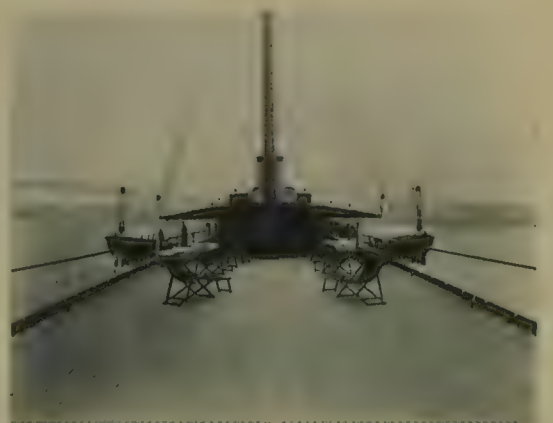


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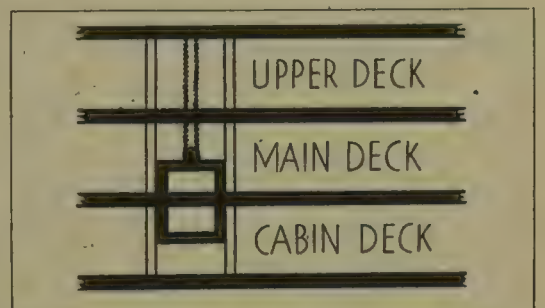
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AFTER SPORTS DECK—Wide and long; space for all deck games; room for a private airplane.



ELEVATOR TO ALL DECKS—Smooth running electric elevator, connects all three decks.

Henry J. Gielow, Inc.
25 West 43rd Street,
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New York City

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Imperial House, 86 Regent St.,
London, W. I., England

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ON Friday, Aug. 19, the Rover Co., Ltd., announced their new season's programme for 1939, the range of cars to be produced consisting, as previously, of the 10-h.p. and 12-h.p. four-cylinder models and the 14-h.p., 16-h.p., and 20-h.p. six-cylinder cars. The 14-h.p. has been entirely redesigned, and the rating is now 14.9 h.p., with a cubic cylinder capacity of 1901 c.c. as against the older 13.9 h.p. ("Fourteen") of 1577 c.c. An improved design of the induction manifold gives an even distribution of fuel to each cylinder, which results in economy and very smooth pulling-power at low as well as high speeds. The four-bearing crankshaft is fully counterbalanced, overhead-valve gear easily accessible, and the new gear-box has synchromesh third and top gears combined with the usual Rover speciality, the free-wheel. The latter, of course, can be fixed at will of the driver. I rather fancy that the new "Fourteen" drop-head coupé will be a most popular model at its price of £398, as compared with the saloon at £330.

There is a new saloon body on the "Ten" chassis, which is now a similar design to those on the higher-rated models, with a built-in luggage compartment and concealed spare wheel at

and switches on the pass-light lamp mounted on the near-side dumb-iron. Also an automatic reversing light comes into operation when the gear-lever is placed in position for reversing. The particularly well-thought-out equipment on all these Rover cars is combined with a clean design free of complications,



SEEING THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH COMFORT AND DIGNITY: A DAIMLER "STRAIGHT EIGHT" CONTINENTAL SALOON, WITH COACHWORK BY ARTHUR MULLINER, AT OFFCHURCH, NEAR LEAMINGTON SPA.



MOTORING INTO THE MIDDLE AGES: A MORRIS "EIGHT" AT THE MEDIEVAL TOWN OF CARCASSONNE, IN SOUTHERN FRANCE, HAVING JUST CROSSED THE DRAWBRIDGE, THE CHAIN OF WHICH IS VISIBLE BEHIND.

the rear in place of a folding luggage-grid. The gear-box on all the new Rovers is redesigned with synchromesh "third" and "top" gears in addition to the free-wheel, and the six-cylinder cars have anti-roll stabilisers fitted to front and rear axles, which give great stability and steady road-holding virtues when cornering at high speeds. Usually motor manufacturers are content to include this refinement confined to one axle only, but Rovers fit it on both, with much-improved results.

Automatic lubrication, flexible engine-mounting, extra-powerful brakes, automatic thermostat, and controlled battery-charging are other features of these 1939 Rover cars. As usual, the coachwork is very comfortable and well furnished on all models. An increased rear track gives more passenger space on the "Sixteen" Rover saloon, listed at £360, and the drop-head coupé at £428.

The 10-h.p. Rover saloon costs £275 and the coupé £285; the "Twelve" saloon £300 and the 20-h.p. sports saloon £425; and its coupé drop-head model £478; so a wide choice of coachwork and horse-powers is offered to the public at very reasonable prices. Rover cars also have a reserve petrol supply of about one gallon, and an electrically-operated control on the instrument-board allows the driver to use it when needed.

Motorists doing a lot of night-driving will greatly appreciate the "pass-light" system of the lamps, whereby the dip-switch extinguishes the head-lamps

which gives an excellent road performance under all conditions.

Many epic motor-car journeys have been made in distant parts of the world where real roads are few and far between, and among them must be listed the 8000-mile tour through the heart of Africa undertaken by two charming and enthusiastic women motorists, Mrs. D. Houghton and her cousin, Mrs. M. Cribb. Their itinerary took them to many out-of-the-way villages in which a motor-car had never before



AN OUTSTANDING ALVIS: THE 4.3-LITRE MODEL WITH A SPECIAL FOUR-LIGHT SALOON BODY WHICH STRIKES AN INDIVIDUAL NOTE.

been seen, and their Morris "Eight" saloon was also the first light car ever to have travelled to Victoria Falls.

Officials who heard of their projected journey to Victoria Falls did their best to persuade them to take the train from Bulawayo. They said that only specially-prepared big cars had ever succeeded in making this 300-mile journey across the sandy,

pot-holed roads, along the whole of which there was only one lonely outpost—exactly half-way—where they could get any help. Mrs. Houghton and Mrs. Cribb refused to be dissuaded, and, after a journey which was one long succession of violent wheel-spins in the soft sand, interspersed with sickening bumps down into pot-holes, they reached the Victoria Falls Hotel in a running time equally as good as that of the train.

Their first part of the run to Bulawayo was made through the Game Reserve in the Kruger National Park. Here lions, leopards, elephants, zebras, giraffes and all manner of other wild animals roam at leisure, and motorists are ordered never to leave their cars. They must also stop and switch off their engines if the animals have wandered on to the road. On one occasion, Mrs. Houghton and her companion came suddenly upon two elephants in the road. They obeyed their instructions, and had to wait for three-quarters of an hour in fear and trembling, lest the huge creatures should decide to take a sudden dislike to them or the car. Eventually, however, they ambled quietly off in another direction.

Another section of their journey lay through the beautiful scenery of the Drakensberg Mountains. Here they had to negotiate roads, driving along which Mrs. Houghton described as "like motoring up and down stairs."

The Morris "Eight" in which the run was made had already travelled 6000 miles in this country before being shipped to Durban, their starting-point. It had no special preparations for its arduous trip, yet they had only one



AN EXCELLENT CAR FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER WHO LIKES TO GO EQUIPPED FOR A VARIETY OF SPORTS: A WOLSELEY DROP-HEAD COUPÉ WHOSE BOOT IS WIDE ENOUGH TO TAKE GOLF CLUBS AS WELL AS SUIT-CASES; OR, WITH THE LID DOWN, ENOUGH LUGGAGE FOR A CONTINENTAL TOUR.

puncture—that happened on the first day's run—and the engine ran perfectly all the time, only boiling once; and for the whole trip they averaged over 30 m.p.g.!

Lord Nuffield is determined to put Great Britain on the top of the world in high-speed small cars. He has associated himself with Major A. T. G. Gardner in building a 1100-c.c. single-seater racing M.G. to endeavour to bring up the record speed of that class to about 170 miles per hour—an almost incredible speed for so small an engine. This "Magic M.G. Magnette" last year averaged 148.8 m.p.h. over the kilometre, with a flying start, and it is hoped the new car will much improve on that speed of Gardner's run on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt motor road. Mr. Reid Railton has designed the special streamline body for this twin six-cylinder car, with its big centric supercharger forcing the gas mixture from a pair of S.U. carburettors into the cylinders at a top pressure of 30 lb. per square inch. The engine has a bore of 57 mm., stroke of 71 mm., capacity 1086.6 c.c., and a

power of 170 b.h.p. at 7000 revolutions per minute of the flywheel. The wheelbase is 8 ft. 3 in., track 4 ft., over-all height 2 ft. 8 in., over-all width 5 ft. 3 in., over-all length 16 ft. 5 in., with a weight of only 15 cwt., with fuel, and a gear-ratio on top or high gear of 3.6 to 1, with 5.35 by 19 in. tyres for the rear axle and front tyres of 4.75 by 19 in.

Whole Country Welcomes the News: STILL BETTER AUSTIN CARS AT REDUCED PRICES

Great Interest in Improved Features

Determined to put Austin cars within the reach of the widest possible public, Austin have made price reductions on all popular models.

Only the Austin method of large-scale precision production has made the new prices possible. By a process of constant checking and testing of every component and operation, all loss and wastage are

eliminated. Overheads are reduced and the quality and dependability of Austin cars maintained and even increased. New features giving more power, livelier acceleration, greater riding comfort and safety are announced.

What are people saying about the news? Read these comments from motorists and motorists-to-be about the Austin programme:—

"What! Another reduction on the Big '7'? That's the second in six months"—"I do like this new low sliding roof"—"for lively acceleration give me the Big '7' every time"—"it's just the car we want, with good leg room for four"—"marvellous engine, I call it, 25 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m."—"good equipment, it's got everything"—"over 60 in top, over 40 miles to the gallon?—we've simply got to have one—we can afford it now."



"An aluminium cylinder head in the '10' and a £10 saving suits me all right"—"she's got lots more power and acceleration now and gives more m.p.g."—"the brakes are the best I've tried . . . I like the new pistol-grip handbrake, too . . . I can reach the driving seat from either side"—"how well she rides with these new shock absorbers!"—"it's nice and quiet . . . I suppose that's their 'sound-insulation'"—"she's really roomy, the best '10' I know, and the luggage locker's larger than ever."

BABY '7' RUBY Fixed-Head Saloon
Sliding-Head now £125

NOW £122

BIG '7' FORLITE Fixed-Head Saloon
Sliding-Head now £139

NOW £137

'10' CAMBRIDGE Fixed-Head Saloon
Sliding-Head now £185

NOW £175

'12' ASCOT Fixed-Head Saloon . . . **NOW £215**
Sliding-Head now £225

'14' GOODWOOD Fixed-Head Saloon **NOW £235**
Sliding-Head now £245

'18' NORFOLK Fixed-Head Saloon . . . **£350**
Sliding-Head £355

'28' RANELAGH Limousine ENTIRELY NEW MODEL . . . **£700**

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 320.)

Having described the tireless industry of a land-hungry Japanese farmer (named Machida) and his wife, on their tiny plot of land, Mr. Price says: "In this fight with the soil is bred the fighting strength of Japan. 'Bushido,' the national spirit, is born here. It is well known that the Japanese Army is made up chiefly of farmers. They are strong-muscled and strong-willed. They will die rather than surrender. They are accustomed to a Spartan life. They need little. They are used not so much to a low standard of living as to a high standard of simplicity. 'Low standard of living' hardly fits people who take two baths a day, keep their house spotlessly clean, wear silk, do not lack food, and have enough soul left after a hard day's work to write a poem and hang it on a cherry-tree! . . . The Japanese individually are peaceful, courteous, and considerate to a fault. Then why is the national policy of the farmer-army inclined to be assertive? Two acres. That is the answer. Late that night I saw Machida kneel before the household shrine. He raised the old *samurai* weapon in both hands and talked with his ancestors and the boy who fell in China. And I had an uncomfortable feeling that this symbol had invisibly been in the hands of my mild, genial host all day as he worked in his cramped fields. Son-of-Two-Acres ploughs with a sword."

Mr. Price's allusions to Japanese ambitions in the matter of territorial expansion and their effect on the interests of the British Empire (especially Australia), the United States, Russia and Holland, acquire intensified interest from recent developments. He discusses also Japan's cultivation of friendship with Siam and the vision of a canal through Malaya to divert trade from Singapore, the vulnerability of the Dutch East Indies, and Britain's interest in protecting them, the question of oil in New Guinea, the Russian menace to Manchukuo, the possibility of a

Russo-Japanese struggle for the domination of Mongolia, and finally Japan's conception of her destined part in bringing about a world-unity wherein Japanese ideals would prevail. The Japanese dream has a religious character. "If," we read, "Japan is begotten of God, if its Emperor is the only heavenly King on this planet, if its people are the elect of mankind, there is only one logical conclusion. Japan is sent to save the world."

Let me conclude by recommending briefly several other books with an insistent appeal to readers who would understand the forces at work in the Far

East. The most venerable of Japan's elder statesmen is the subject of a biography on modern lines, described by its author as "a romance of authentic historical facts," namely, "JAPAN'S 'GRAND OLD MAN,'" Prince Saionji. The Last Genro. By Bunji Omura. With Frontispiece Portrait (Harrap; 15s.). Militant China, as seen during a recent 2000-mile journey through the southern Provinces into Indo-China, is entertainingly described by a British Civil Servant with a long experience of the country; in "CHINESE EVERGREEN." By Victor Purcell (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.). The next items are two books representing respectively the Japanese and the Chinese point of view. One is "JAPAN IN CHINA." Her

Motives and Aims. By K. K. Kawakami. With Introductory Notes by Sir John Tilley, formerly British Ambassador in Tokyo, and Lord Sempill, and a Foreword by Viscount Ishii, P.C. (Murray; 5s.). Definitely anti-Japanese, on the other hand, and concerned with cultural as well as military matters, is "CHINA BODY AND SOUL." Contributions by Laurence Binyon, Roger Fry, E. R. Hughes, Innes Jackson, Professor H. J. Laski, Basil Matthews, Professor Gilbert Murray, Russell Pasha, Professor Eileen Power, Sir Arthur Salter, and Arthur Waley. Edited by E. R. Hughes (Secker; 3s.). The proceeds of this latter work will go to the relief of distress in China, so her supporters can show their sympathy in a practical manner. Lastly, I have just discovered two books of Chinese interest which had escaped notice in the crowd through their titles not emphasising their "country of origin"—namely, "EMBROIDERED GAUZE." Portraits of Famous Chinese Ladies. By Eloise Talcott Hibbert. Illustrated (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.); and "THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING." By Lin Yutang, author of "My Country and My People." With Coloured End-papers (Heinemann; 15s.). C. E. B.



THE ORIGINAL RAISING OF THE BEDFORDSHIRE AND HERTFORDSHIRE REGIMENT; COMMEMORATED ON ITS 250TH ANNIVERSARY: MR. C. C. P. LAWSON'S PAINTING OF COLONEL ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS RECRUITING HIS BODY OF FOOT AT READING, IN OCTOBER 1688; PRESENTED TO THE REGIMENT BY LORD LUKE.

By special commission dated October 9, 1688, King James II. ordered the formation of a Regiment of Pikemen and Musketeers under the Colonelcy of Colonel Archibald Douglas of the Royal Regiment of Foot. In 1782 the Regiment was named the 16th, or Buckinghamshire Regiment, and in 1809 County Titles were exchanged with the 14th Foot (now the West Yorkshire Regiment), the Regiment thus becoming the Bedfordshire Regiment. This title was retained for 110 years until 1919, when, by command of H.M. King George V., the county title of Hertfordshire was added. The picture shows the actual raising of the Regiment by Colonel Douglas in the streets of Reading in October 1688. The Colonel is seated on the left of the table and the Douglas "Arms" (a crown and a winged heart) appear on the livery of his servant holding his charger and also on the drums.

Some phrases seldom ring true

& SON LTD.

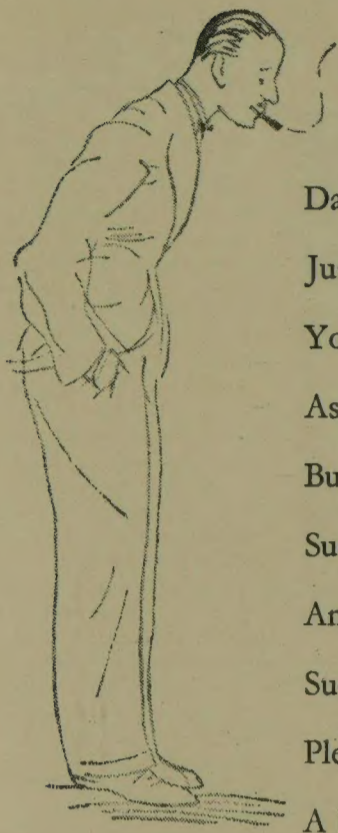
"We must meet again some time"



but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

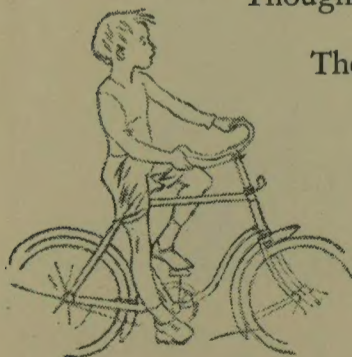
Please Daddy



Daddy, please Daddy
Just listen to me.
You say things are 'spensive
As 'spensive can be.
But why do you buy
Such a very big car?
And why do you smoke
Such a 'normous cigar?
Please give me a puppy
A boat or a bike
The sort of nice things
Any fellow would like.



Daddy, my Daddy
Why make such a fuss?
I've friends in the village
Much poorer than us.
They haven't much money
It isn't their fault
Though they all can afford



The best possible salt
Of course, it's of Cerebos
Salt that I speak,
It costs a bit less
Than a penny a week.

CEREBOS SALT
for children of all ages

THE DEMAND FOR BLENDED CIGARETTES
INCREASES ALL THE WORLD OVER

*and yet
—Mild—*



Blended for Men

— yet women like them too!

Astorias were blended to give cigarette smokers the same full-flavoured pleasure which pipe-smokers enjoy—and thousands of men who have hitherto been nothing-but-pipe smokers are now enthusiastic "Astorians."

But there is another aspect to the success of Astorias. Women enjoy them too. The reason is that though they have such a rich, mellow flavour Astorias are mild and gentle on the palate.

Try Astorias for yourself, you will find them a more satisfying smoke than you've ever had from a cigarette before.



ASTORIAS

20
for 1/-

A New Product by the Proprietors of State Express

CASH PRIZES FOR AMATEUR PICTURES



This entry in the competition appeared in the Sketch of August 10

A WEEKLY COMPETITION FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

A cash prize of £10 is offered by "THE SKETCH" for "the BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH" selected for publication EVERY WEEK. For every other competitive photograph published a sum of not less than £1 will be paid for the reproduction right. Amateur Photographers may compete every week (subject to conditions) by sending one or more prints, up to twelve, provided any or all of the following subjects are depicted:—Landscapes or Seascapes, Nature Studies, Human Figures and Curious or Humorous Subjects. FULL DETAILS AND CONDITIONS APPEAR IN "THE SKETCH"—obtainable now at all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

This Competition does not apply in the U.S.A.

THERE IS ALWAYS SO MUCH TO READ AND ENJOY IN THE SKETCH

"MISS SKETCH'S DIARY." An original presentation of the popular "about-town" snapshots.
 ARE YOU A "BRISTLEWOOD"? A "Bristlewood" picture appears every week, drawn exclusively for "The Sketch" by Frank Reynolds.
 "FROM START TO FINISH." An "all-picture" review of a Play that is having a popular run.
 "WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING"—an entertaining article dealing with the sport of the angler.
 A weekly TENNIS article by Miss Helen Jacobs.
 THE CINEMA by Michael Orme.
 "The Sketch" DIARY OF FASHION, edited by Olive Caley-Smith.
 "MOTLEY NOTES": humorous comment on the foibles of the day, by Alan Kemp.
 "Following through"—a page on GOLF.
 "FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE": good advice to prospective investors.
 "MOTOR DICTA"—by H. E. Symons—dealing with every phase of motoring.
 THE STAGE by Ivor Brown.
 "THE FOOD OF LOVE"—a weekly musical article by Francis Toye.
 THE LITERARY LOUNGER by L. P. Hartley.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"GIVE ME YESTERDAY," AT THE COMEDY.

"GIVE ME YESTERDAY" came and went with the velocity that reminded one of a famous petrol advertisement. Not that a four-day run is anything of a record. There have been plays that haven't even succeeded in running one night, having been booed off long before the unhappy author's final curtain had had a chance to fall. The title, however, does give one to think. So many people appear to be crying "Give me yesterday." Variety entertainment, in short. The music-hall tried to commit hara-kiri by becoming too refined. Instead of retaining the healthy fish-and-chips and bottled stout atmosphere some of us can still remember, it tried to become, if not quite "County," definitely South Kensington—velvet drapes, a standard lamp, and a grand piano; a quartette of ladies, voluptuously built, in extremely full evening dress; an

anæmic gentleman at the piano. That was the act that drove variety patrons from the halls. But now variety seems to be coming back. There are insistent rumours that two cinemas, once the haunt of man-about-townish variety patrons in "Pitcher's" days, are going to stage shows in which the *soubrette* had a naughty little twinkle in her eye, and the low comedian will not be ashamed of casting a passing reference to kippers, lodgers and mothers-in-law. Certainly Gaumont British are tinkering with the idea of bringing variety back to their bigger cinemas. Two full-length films, they feel, are a trifle too much for their patrons, so they are out to give one "big" picture and an hour's variety. Mr. George Black is doing the "booking" for them, which means that top-liners from the London Palladium and the Holborn will find



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK BEGUN ON AUGUST 11 AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SAMARKAND EARTHENWARE DISH WITH A KUFIC INSCRIPTION.

Sanctioned by religion as the means of spreading God's Word, writing became for the Muhammadans the most honourable of all the arts. The inscription on this small earthenware dish invokes blessing and prosperity on its owner. It was made near Samarkand in Turkestan, probably during the later ninth or tenth century, when the city was the capital of the Samanid dynasty (874-999). The inscription is well adapted to the shape of the dish, and the illusion of an inscribed page is maintained by its colouring, confined to the fine purple black and cream-coloured ground characteristic of Samarkand ware.

themselves automatically booked for a bigger "circuit," which will be nice for the Max Millers, Renée Houstons and Vic Oliver's of the profession, and quite as nice for those who are willing to watch a million-dollar film, but even more pleased to see an "in the flesh" show.

"LAST TRAIN SOUTH," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Curiously enough, this play is also dated nineteen years ago: the setting a station-master's office in South Russia. Time, mid-winter, with snow falling heavily; the main excitement being the shunting of a goods train outside. There are red-plush seats, and a grimy iron stove to add to the necessary chilly atmosphere. A stranger to the West End theatre, knowing that Miss Flora Robson was the star of the piece, might be pardoned for wondering at what moment of the evening she made her first appearance. She crept on very



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK BEGINNING AUGUST 18 AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A TERRA-COTTA SKETCH BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR CLODION (1734-1814). Claud Michel, called Clodion, was born at Nancy and went to Paris at an early age. In 1762 he moved to Rome, where he began to make his reputation as a modeller of the little terra-cotta statuettes and reliefs which constitute his main work. He returned to Paris in 1771 and until the Revolution was occupied in decorating the houses of aristocrats. At the Revolution he went to Nancy, but returned later to Paris. His reputation, however, was gone. Under an artistic régime directed by David, his delicate fantasy could not flourish. Soon after his death the reaction came, and to-day probably more forgeries masquerade under Clodion's name than that of any other sculptor of equal reputation.

unobtrusively and did nothing to let one see she was there. For two and three-quarter acts she had very little to do. One wondered what she had seen in her part—until the big scene came, when she tells, quietly, but with a vividness that had the audience leaning forward in their seats, how she saw her husband flogged to death, as a result of which her child was stillborn. Unfortunately, one scene, however perfectly acted, doesn't make a whole evening's entertainment. Mr. Morland Graham, as a bearded, bibulous station-master, might have stepped straight out of Tchekov.

The
Sketch
 EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE SHILLING

TAKE IT HOME—OR ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT TO SEND IT

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA

Semmering—(3000 ft. a.s.l.) 1½ hours from Vienna. Suedbahn Hotel—The Golfer's Home—open-air swimming pool.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Prague—Aleron—the leading hotel in Czechoslovakia.—200 rooms, 200 baths.—Garage for 100 cars.

Franzensbad—Hotel Imperial, exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season April 15th to October 15th. Prospectus.

Franzensbad—Hotel Königsvilla—The leading Hotel.

FRANCE

Paris—Hotel Opal—For Business or Pleasure. 10, rue Tronchet. Definitely central. (Madeleine Church.) Up-to-date. Rms. from 6/-. Eng. spoken.

Le Touquet—Hotel des Anglaises—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet—(P. de C.)—Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. New Lounge and American Bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet—Hotel Regina—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming-pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo—Hotel Terminus Palace—1st class Sea-front. Facing Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £3.10.0. With private bath £5.

GERMANY

Baden-Baden—Hotel Frankfurter Hof—Wholly renovated. Facing Kurpark; a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)—Brenner's Park-hotel—Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden—Holland Hotel—150 beds; large park. Close Casino. Pension terms: R.M. 11 upwards. Personal management H. A. Rössler.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof—Distinguished family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen—Staatl.—Kurhaus-hotel—World-renowned house. Mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

GERMANY—(Continued)

Bad Nauheim—Hilbert's Park Hotel—First-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kur-Park opposite. Baths and Springs.

Cologne—Schweizerhof—Victoriastr. 11. 100 beds. All mod. comf. Garage, A.A. Hotel. quiet sit. Home from home. Incl. terms from R.M. 7.00.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique position on river. Garden-Park, Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf—Bredelbacher Hof—Leading Hotel World renwd. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. Grill Am. Bar—Ore. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. baths fr. 9.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen—Park Hotel "Alpenhof." Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospectus through proprietor: Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch—Bavarian Alps—Sonnenbleich—Golf Hotel. Incomparably beautiful situation. 1st-class hotel. Every comfort at Moderate Terms.

Leipzig—Hotel Astoria—The latest and most perfect Hotel bldg. Select home of intern. Society & Arist'cy. Mangd. by M. Hartung, Council of Com.

Mannheim—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich—The new Hotel Excelsior—Near the Hauptbahnhof. First class, modern and quietly placed. Rooms from R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Munich—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot & cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Schwarzer Bock—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medicinal Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Marks 9.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Nassauer Hof—World renwd. Finest pos. opposite Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden—Palast Hotel—1st. class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath, estab. Pension from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Rose—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing establishment. Patronised by English and American Society. Pension from Marks 12.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons) Select home of Society. Best position opposite Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pens. from R.M. 12.

ITALY

Rome—Hotel Victoria—First-class. Central and quiet. Opposite Borghese Gardens. English-speaking staff.

SWITZERLAND

Bürgenstock—Lake of Lucerne—Palace Hotel—Holiday resort. Golf. Tennis. Bathing Beach.

Geneva—The Beau-Rivage—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake. Facing Mt.-Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Geneva—Hôtel de la Paix—On Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier and places of interest. Lovely rooms fr. S. Frs. 6. With full board S.Frs. 14.

Glion—(2200 ft. ab.s.l.) Grand Hotel and Righi Vaudois—Leading Hotel, low rates. View of Lake Geneva. Tennis. Garage. 15 Min. from Montreux.

Gstaad—Bernhof—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Günter—Park Hotel. (Lake Thun)—Full South on lake front. Large Park. Gar. 1st-class family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension from Frs. 12.50

Interlaken. Grd. Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau—finest situation on main promenade facing Jungfrau, absolutely first class. Pens. rate from Frs. 17.-

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—First class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pension terms from Frs. 15 onwards.

Lausanne—Hotel Meurice—On the Lake. 110 beds. The best First-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lucerne—Hotel Beau-Rivage—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14

Lucerne—Grand National—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

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Lugano (Southern Switzerland)—Majestic Hotel—Strictly first-class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming-pool. Open-air restaurant.

Mont Pelerin—Grand Hotel—Most cen. and beaut. spot for rest & hols. 3,000ft. up; mag. view over Lake of Geneva easy access all dists.; tms. fr. 12s. a day.

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